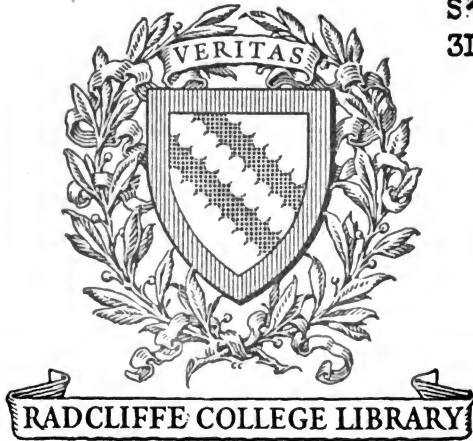


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# LIVE AND LET LIVE;

OR,

## DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOPE LESLIE," "THE LINWOODS," "THE POOR  
RICH MAN AND THE RICH POOR MAN," &c.

*Catherine Maria Siquick*

"And whereas the Turkish spy says he kept no servant because he would not have an enemy in his house, *I hired mine because I would have a friend.*"—COWPER.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

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1837.

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TO MY YOUNG COUNTRYWOMEN—  
THE FUTURE MINISTERS OF THE CHARITIES OF HOME,  
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED  
BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE writer of the following pages begs her readers will have the kindness to remember that her business has been to illustrate the failures of one party in the contract between employers and employed, and that, therefore, she may appear to be insensible, but certainly is not, to the manifold trials and discouragements of the mistress of a family in her relation to her domestics. These trials are rendered very general by the facilities for changing service, and the almost necessary dependance on foreign and uninstructed people. These very trials and circumstances peculiar to our domestic life make it imperative upon American mothers to qualify their daughters to superintend their domestics, and to prepare the future housewife for the exigences that await her ; as emergencies constantly occur where the *lady* must perform the primitive offices of women, or her family must be comfortless. Our young ladies are taught French, Italian, drawing, music, &c. ; and let them be ; these are the ornaments and luxuries of education ; but let not the *necessaries* be omitted—the staff of domestic life sacrificed.

I cannot hope that this little volume will do much

for its momentous subject. But I shall be satisfied if it rouses more active minds than mine to reflection upon the duties and capabilities of mistresses of families ; if it quicken some sleeping consciences ; if it make any feel their duties and obligations to their "inferiors in position ;" if, in short, it incite even a few of my young countrywomen to a zealous devotion to "*home missions*."

New-York, June 9, 1837.



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# LIVE AND LET LIVE;

OR,

## DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SIN THE PARENT OF WANT.

IT was one of the coldest days felt in New-York, during the winter of 182—, that a baker's cart made its accustomed halt before a door in Church-street. It was driven by Charles Lovett, the baker's son, whose ruddy cheeks, quick movement, and beaming eye bespoke health, industry, and a happy temper. This latter attribute seemed somewhat too severely tested by the tardiness of his customer, for in vain had he whistled, clapped his hands, stamped, and repeated his usual cry of "Hurry! hurry!" He at last leaped from his cart on to the broken step of the wretched dwelling, when the upper half of the door was slowly opened, and a thinly-clad girl appeared, who, in answer to his prepared question, "Why, what ails you? are

you all asleep?" replied, "Mother does not wish any bread this morning."

"Don't wish any! then she's easily served;" and, thus huffily answering, he was turning away, when another look at the girl touched his kind heart. "Tell me honestly," he added, "what is the reason your mother don't wish the bread."

The little girl's voice was choked, and the tears gushed from her eyes as she answered, "She has not a shilling to pay for it."

"That's blamed hard this cold morning, besides being tough—but take the loaf—we can trust you."

"No—mother had rather not—father is sick, and it takes all she can earn, every penny, to buy things for him and *Jemmie*."

"Well, take it for a gift, then," said the boy; "I'll speak to my father about it;" and, thrusting the loaf into her hands, he jumped into his cart and rattled off. For a month after Charles Lovett called daily at that house of want, and left a shilling loaf. This is no fiction, but one of those beautiful facts that deserve to be rescued from obscurity.

The little girl ran up to her mother's apartment, a back-room on the second floor. "Lucy, my child!" exclaimed her mother, reprovingly, on seeing the loaf of bread. Lucy explained in a low voice, to avoid her father overhearing her, who was lying ill in his bed. Mrs. Lee brushed away a tear. "Did not I always tell you so, mother?" asked Lucy.

"Tell me what?"

"I mean, did not I tell you that boy always looked so kind, and spoke so civil! I knew he was

good." Children have an instinct as infallible as a chymical test in detecting the presence of certain qualities.

Mrs. Lee prepared some toast and tea for her husband and a little deformed boy in the cradle, and then sat down with her three girls to a breakfast on rye-mush.

The parents of Lucy Lee, our humble heroine, were married some fifteen years before our story begins. Richard Lee was then a young lawyer in a country town in New England. His wife had no near kindred, but she had been kindly cared for, and well nurtured in the family of a distant relation; and having a small fortune and a good education, in the best sense of the word, that is, having had her faculties well developed and prepared for the uses of life, she had a rational prospect of prosperity and happiness. Her husband was an only son, who had talents, ardent feelings, amiable manners, and a small but sufficient fortune to begin life upon in a country where the current sets to prosperity. Such a beginning would have secured pecuniary independence, unless singular misfortune had intervened, or vice had appeared to counteract and destroy the operation of the laws of Providence. Vice it was. Six months after her marriage, Mrs. Lee discovered that her husband was in the habit of intemperate drinking. How the seeds of this habit were sown in his childhood, by his parents' foolish indulgence of the cravings of his appetite for whatever tasted good—how appetite, combining with the selfishness that is nurtured by low animal gratifications, obtained so early the mastery over his better nature, it is not our purpose to describe.

We would only add this to the thousand examples before the eyes of parents, to admonish them that to secure to the future man temperance and health, the child's appetites must be subdued to obedience.

When Mrs. Lee discovered her husband's weakness, she was inexperienced and hopeful. She remonstrated and supplicated, he promised and she believed. For years they went on, he sinning and she sheltering him and enduring in silence. But love and fidelity have no shelter broad enough to conceal such habits—they betray themselves—Richard Lee forfeited the confidence of the community. He lost his business, and his property melted away. He moved from place to place, and finally went to the city of New-York, where, during one of those episodical reforms that occur in every drunkard's life, he resolved to turn over a new leaf. He obtained copying from a prosperous lawyer who had been a college contemporary. For a while the stimulus of a new position operated favourably, and the wants of his family were supplied by his labour. But excess soon followed abstinence. Returning home late in a cold evening from a grog-shop, he fell on the ice, broke his leg, and lay exposed to the inclemency of the weather till rescued and conveyed to his home by a watchman. A long and fatal illness followed.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS.

It was a few days previous to the timely benefaction of the baker's son that Lee broke his leg. After he was disabled, his family subsisted on the avails of work which his wife obtained from a slop-shop. Her time was nearly consumed in attendance on her exacting husband. She had no friends in the city—not an acquaintance even, excepting her husband's employer, and he was not of a character to overcome her natural reluctance to make known the extreme degradation of her condition. Want—starvation—stared her in the face ; still she would not incur a debt, even for a loaf of bread, that she saw no possibility of paying. "Lucy," she had said to her child, "we can beg if we must, but we will not take bread that we cannot pay for." The poorest, even, have some means of education when they can give such a practical lesson in integrity.

It had now become necessary to take some measures to obtain subsistence. Mrs. Lee was not the woman to sit with her hands folded, and repeat "that bitter and perplexed 'what shall I do!'" She applied at a Venetian blind-factory, and obtained for her two youngest girls, the one eleven, the other nine, the sewing of the worsted stays to the blinds, by which they earned \$1 50 per week ; and this

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in the intervals of their daily school. She had a plan for Lucy, but this she would not put into execution without her father's concurrence, which she foresaw it would be no easy matter to obtain. Lucy had always been his darling. She was his first-born. She was pretty; and having in his more fortunate days given her some advantages of education, he looked forward to a time when she might, by that prize which is always in a pretty woman's lottery, a fortunate marriage, regain the place in society forfeited by his misconduct.

The children were asleep. Lee, wretched and restless, was tossing on his bed, calling at every moment his patient wife from the garment which she was making by a dim light to earn one shilling. The air of the room was scarcely tempered by the single stick of wood in the stove, and all this misery was the consequence of a base indulgence in a low appetite. But the poor man paid the severest penalty in his own person. Who that looked upon his grised hair, his bloated face, his bloodshot eyes, and his stiffened and trembling limbs, could have recognised him who, fifteen years before, was one of the most promising young lawyers of Massachusetts?

After expressing a wish for this and that, and complaining of the cold, "What in Heaven's name are we to do?" he said. "Has Barton never sent to inquire after me?"

"No—he probably does not know where we live."

"It would be easy finding out—but people don't take pains to look up *poor* acquaintances. Barton is no worse than the rest of the world. Lord help



us! we may as well come to it first as last. We shall starve or freeze to death here. Won't you stop that sewing? Every stitch of your needle goes through my nerves. You can't earn enough to save us from starvation. Send me to the almshouse—it makes little difference where one dies; and when I am gone you can manage to scramble on with the rest.”

“No, Richard—no—we have gone through many a dark day together, and we will not separate till it pleases God to part us.” Lee drew the sheet over his face. “We have a hard winter before us, and we must take measures accordingly. The first step should be to reduce the family. I am thinking of getting a place for Lucy.”

“A *place*! what sort of a place?”

“A service-place.”

“Good Heavens! you are not in earnest?”

“I am; and, if you will hear me patiently, you may think me right.”

“Never, never—all the talking in the world won't persuade me to degrade Lucy to a servant.”

Mrs. Lee thought of the degradation to which her husband's vice had reduced them, and she resolutely proceeded.

“We must have relief, and that immediately. I will not subject my children to being depraved by dependance on charity while they have the means of exertion—honest labour is never degrading.”

“Certainly not to those who are used to it.”

“Nor to those that need it, dear husband, as we do. It does not startle or frighten me in the least. I have been through all gradations from perfect competency to our present suffering state, and each

degree—even ours—has its peculiar advantages and temptations, and its happiness too.”

“Happiness!” echoed Lee.

His wife proceeded: “I can’t but hope Lucy will find hers in a faithful performance of her duties. I can truly say I have often envied servants when I have heard the merry peals of laughter in the kitchen, and known what anxious hearts there were in the parlour.”

“But what is all this to the purpose! Lucy shall never live in anybody’s kitchen.”

“It is much to the purpose,” replied Mrs. Lee, judiciously answering to the first clause of his sentence, “to settle it in our minds that Lucy may be good and happy in any position.”

“But, wife, consider—recollect how you and I were brought up.”

“That is what I try to forget!”

“But you ought not voluntarily to put Lucy out to service!”

“Richard, you know I do not mean to reproach you; but I must say, that in our situation we have lost the power of voluntary action—we are under the stern coercion of necessity.” Mrs. Lee now laid aside her work, and spoke, though with a tremulous voice, in a tone of decision she seldom assumed. “For the last week Lucy and I have lived on rye-mush. The bread you and the other children have eaten was given to us by the baker. I will not continue to subsist on his bounty while we have unemployed means of feeding ourselves. Lucy is nearly fourteen, old enough to get a place and earn wages. There will be one less to eat, and some help through this hard winter from her earnings.”

"But how can you bear to think of making a mere servant-girl of Lucy?"

"The condition of servant-girls is no longer what it once was. They are not servants in the old sense of the word. Their relation to their employers is one of mutual advantage and mutual dependance. In a well-ordered family, a girl is fitting herself for the duties that belong to her sex. She is learning to fill honourably the station of a wife, mistress, and mother of a family."

"Oh, I grant you, in a well-ordered family! but where will you find such? and pray, how are you to know anything of the family you put her in—you have not an acquaintance in the city."

"No, not one—and this it is that perplexes and distresses me. It seems to me we never know the wants of a condition till we are placed in it ourselves. I remember joining in a laugh at the presumption of a servant, who, when asked for her references, asked them in return of the employer. Yet surely the knowledge should be mutual in such a contract."

"You are always refining, wife—what should be and what is in this world are wide apart, and you must submit to what is. I see," he added, after a pause and a groan, "what we are coming to—I never realized it before!"

Shame—shame to thee, Lee! This from a man conscious of having lived for fifteen years in the violation of the laws of temperance, to which are affixed such rewards and such dreadful penalties; who had broken his marriage vows, involving in mortification, hardship, and bitter sorrow her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect; who had not

only neglected the duties of a Christian father, but foregone the instincts of a brute parent, and, depriving his children of their birthright in a prosperous land, had reduced them to the privations and slavery of extreme poverty. Yet this weak man revolted from putting his child to domestic service as the severest trial of his condition!

This was doubtless an extreme case of Lee. But was not his feeling a part of a very general false estimate of life, its positions, its trials, and its duties?

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### CHAPTER III.

#### LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

Mrs. LEE having made up her mind that Lucy must go to service, tried to look upon the bright side of the necessity, and to present the brightest to her husband, but in her own secret heart she had bitter conflicts. She had, as we have said, no acquaintance in the city; she wanted not only a place for this pure, good little girl, who had never left the shelter of her mother's wing, but a good place, where the weaknesses of childhood would be considered; where its faults would be patiently borne with, forgiven, and corrected; where its ignorance would be instructed; where the employer would feel the responsibility, and the privilege, we may add, of training a young creature in virtue

and religion, of converting a domestic to a friend. Do these palpable duties enter into the calculations of a majority of employers?

At the end of the week Mrs. Lee had saved two shillings; and having provided for her husband's comfort in her absence, placed her little lame boy within reach of his books and playthings, and given all necessary charges to the little girls, she set off with Lucy at twelve o'clock on her pilgrimage for a place. She entered a decent intelligence-office, paid the fee, and obtained a reference to Mrs. Oatley's, as a consequential man informed her, "one of the most *fashionablest* houses in Broadway."

"Can you tell me nothing else of the family?" inquired Mrs. Lee.

"Not I, woman—what else can you want to know?"

"If the place does not suit me, you will give me other references?"

"Certainly—we'll suit your slip of a girl to a place—there's no mistake about that."

Mrs. Lee sighed, left the office, and proceeded to the place. The house verified her informer's promise; everything in it and about it had a fashionable aspect. She was shown into Mrs. Oatley's bedroom, where that lady was sitting with a grown-up daughter. Both ladies, on learning their errand, surveyed the humble strangers from head to foot. Mrs. Lee the while, pale and exhausted with her long walk, was left standing as if in royal presence—and this in a land where we vaunt our equality and democratic institutions!

"Do you think she will answer our purpose, Anne?" asked the mother of the daughter.

"Nicely, mamma;" and then, in a lower but still audible tone, "she is a tidy lassie, and pretty too—just the thing to tend the door."

"She looks pale, I hope she is not sickly? I can't undertake a sickly child," said Mrs. Oatley, inquiringly.

"She is not in the least sickly, ma'am—she is paler than is natural to her just now."

"How does that happen?" It would have been a long and sad story to explain how that happened, and a hard one for Mrs. Lee to tell; she therefore evaded the question, "You will find her strong enough, ma'am, to perform any service you will require." Then followed the customary questions, to which Mrs. Lee replied, as she had predetermined, simply that she was a stranger in the city, and that she was compelled, by the wants consequent on her husband's protracted illness, to seek a place for her child.

"It's much the best thing for your child, good woman."

"That depends!" thought poor Mrs. Lee. She ventured to ask what service would be required of Lucy.

"Oh, the work I want her for is just nothing at all—merely to tend the door, bring up messages, and occasionally to run of errands—you could not find a better place for her—I'll give her four dollars a month."

"And if she is civil, &c., &c., &c.," said Miss Oatley, "she'll get plenty of presents."

"The wages are very liberal, ma'am," said Mrs. Lee, after a little hesitation, "but—"

"Oh, if you object, it is not worth talking about—it is a place very easy to supply."

"The only objection I have to make, ma'am, you will not perhaps think a very unreasonable one. My child must be qualifying herself for the future, and I fear the very light work she has here would rather unfit than fit her for the future."

"Oh, very well—as you please—a droll objection though—hey, Mary? There is no end to the whims and demands of servants nowadays—always something new! but it really is a little too much to expect to turn a gentleman's house into a school!"

Mrs. Lee felt her heart rising, but she struggled to keep it down, and asked, with the humility necessary to her forlorn condition, "if she might take till Monday to consider."

"No—on the whole, I don't think your girl would suit me—children that have never lived out are very apt to have their heads full of whims."

"Do let's go, mother," whispered Lucy. And they went without one kind word that would intimate they were beings of the same human family with the mistress of the mansion.

"What a goose the woman is!" said Mrs. Oatley, as the door closed upon the disappointed applicants. Yet Mrs. Oatley was not a hard-hearted woman; she *only* had never considered the feelings and rights of her inferiors in position. Strange reverses and revelations would there be to the more favoured classes if an intrinsic graduating scale could be applied.

Mrs. Lee retraced her way to the intelligence-office. The man was civil, and looked over his

list. "Mrs. Timson, Greenwich-street, boarding-house, wants a girl from twelve to fifteen—the very thing, ma'am."

"No, sir. I cannot put my child into a boarding-house."

"Pshaw! must not be more nice than wise. If she's clever and handy—looks so," winking at Lucy, "she'll pick up plenty of presents."

"Please to give me another reference."

"Here's one in Grand-street and two in Bleeker-street. If one shoe pinches, another may fit. There's Mrs. Tom Clark, a lawyer's lady—there's her number, Grand-street. There's Mrs. Aaron Sadwell, her husband made a fortune last summer; and there's Mrs. Kidder, a fashionable shoemaker's wife—so there's a choice for you." To Mrs. Tom Clark's they first went. Mrs. Clark, after a long interrogation, dismissed them, saying, she made it a rule never to take girls that had not lived out—they required too much teaching!

Mrs. Sadwell inquired if the child knew how to work, and Mrs. Lee, warned by her last experience, replied that she had herself taken great pains to teach her.

"Ah, well, then," said Mrs. Sadwell, "she'll not do. I shall have to unlearn her the ways of such sort of people as you, my good woman, and those of a gentleman's family are so different!"

As they went down Mrs. Sadwell's steps, Mrs. Lee, struggling to hide her emotions from her child, said, in a cheerful voice, "Well, Lucy, dear, we'll go next to Mrs. Kidder's; those who know what work is ought to have most consideration for their servant." And to Mrs. Kidder's, a full mile from



the office, they went. The door was opened by a rude, dirty boy (Mrs. Kidder's eldest hope), who, running to the landing-places on the stairs, shouted, "Ma—I say, can't you come down—here's somebody after a place."

"Tell 'em to come up here, Lorenzo."

"Follow your nose, ma'am," called out the boy, "and go to where you hear the tum-tumin."

Mrs. Lee obeyed the direction; and passing an open parlour door, she saw two communicating apartments gaudily furnished. Lucy followed her mother, and, as she reached the bottom of the stairs, Mr. Lorenzo came sliding down on the baluster, and, as he landed beside her, he threw his arm round her neck, kissed her cheek, and ran shouting out of the house. Lucy, confounded, called, "Mother, mother!" and would have implored her to turn back; but Mrs. Lee was already at the turn of the stairs, where she had been met by a slatternly Irish girl, who had spilled half a basin of dirty water at her feet. Not being in the least aware of the impertinence offered to her child, she had sprung forward to avoid the inundation, and was already in the presence of Mrs. Kidder, who sat before the open door of the room whence proceeded the tum-tumin—that is to say, the notes of a cracked piano, whereon one of the Misses Kidder was thrumming. "You come from the intelligence-office, I take it?"

Before Mrs. Lee could reply, one of the half dozen children in the room shouted out, "Ma, mayn't Matilda give me my horse?"

"No, I say I won't, 'cause he snatched my slate yesterday."

"Come to me, Orlando—you're as dirty as a pig—here, blow your nose," taking his apron for the office. "Matilda, stop your noise, and go and comb out your hair—it looks like a hurra's nest—you're wanting a place for your girl, I suppose?"

"Not here!" thought poor Mrs. Lee; but she merely replied, "I am looking for one."

"Can she do all kinds of work?" Before Mrs. Lee could reply there was another outbreak from Orlando, who was now indeed Furioso, "Ma, shan't Anna Maria be still? she is putting pepper-corns into my ear."

"Come to me, Anna Maria." Anna Maria received a cuff from her mother, and went bawling back to her place. The young practitioner at the piano meanwhile proceeded. "Is your girl handy at work in general?" resumed Mrs. Kidder.

"She understands work, and is as capable as most girls of her age. She has always lived at home, and has been my only assistant."

"Well, you both look neat and clean, and that is a very good symptom."

"A competent judge!" thought Mrs. Lee, as she looked at the carpet saturated with grease, the defaced furniture, and the filthy persons of the uncombed, unwashed mother and children.

"I want," continued Mrs. Kidder, "a girl that's handy in assisting about cooking—that can make up beds, and sweep out rooms, and set tables, and wait and tend when the girls have company, and understands washing dishes, and cleaning knives, and is handy at ironing, and helping the girls clear-starch; washing I calculate to hire; but I have concluded not to keep any steady help but a young

girl—you can't depend on them Irish, and husband thinks, and so do I, the wages is too much."

Mrs. Lee saw Lucy's eye turning with most earnest appeal to her, and she was thinking how civilly to break off a treaty to which she was from the first determined not to accede, when they were again interrupted, this time by the entrance of the eldest Miss Kidder, followed by a milliner's girl with a bandbox, which was immediately opened, and two hats displayed for the mother's inspection. "Oh, ma, do say I may have this one," said the young lady; "it's only seven dollars and a half; Madame l'Epine asked ten at first, but she said it was so becoming to me it was a pity I should not have it! Oh, is not it a love? Madame says it's just like Mrs. —," mentioning a name well known in the fashionable world and the milliner's world, and thence handed down to the humblest devotee to feathers and flowers in the city. "Do say yes, ma."

The hat was tried on, and gave the daughter to the mother's eye so decidedly the air of bon ton, that the desired "Yes" was promptly spoken. This matter settled, Mrs. Kidder turned to Lucy. "Well, child, if you are a mind to come and do your best, I'll give you three dollars a month, and that is more than such a child as you can possibly earn."

"My child cannot undertake the work you expect from her for any wages," said Mrs. Lee.

"Oh, very well! very well! there are enough that will." Mrs. Lee was scarcely out of the room before the mother and young ladies vituperated the whole race of servants, who, they said, expected

to do nothing and be paid for it; and Mrs. Kidder finished by saying she thought three dollars *generous* wages; at any rate, she could not afford to pay more. And she could not, and pay seven dollars and a half for a dress hat. Alas! the justice that is concerned in giving a fair and adequate reward to labour, is incompatible with the expensive gratification of vanity.

Mrs. Lee was not encouraged by the result of her inquiries thus far; but long trials had taught her patience; and when Lucy said, as they left the Kidders' door, "Oh, mother, let me go home and starve with you!" she replied in a cheerful tone, "One swallow does not make a summer, Lucy, nor one frost a winter."

"But, mother, you will be so tired!—and it's so dreadful to you to be talked to so by people that don't know you!"

"I am a little tired, Lucy, but that a night's rest will cure. And as to being talked to, as you call it, in this way, there are good uses in it. It gives me a realizing sense of some of the trials endured by those whose lot is a menial condition that I never had before. It is good for us, for a little while at least, to take the place of our fellow-creatures, and feel the weight of their burdens. And after all, my child, it is quite as well to be the humble, disdained, and questioned place-seeker, as those who so thoughtlessly pain us. Oh, what opportunities are lost for want of a little consideration! If these women had known what a comfort a kind word, fitly spoken, would have been to us, they would not have treated us in a way to shock you. We must try not to think too harsh-

ly, Lucy, of our fellow-creatures when they do wrong."

"Well, I shall *try*, mother—but I *feel* first, and afterward you make me *think*—what shall I do when I am away from you?"

Again our poor pilgrims retraced their way to the office, and received from the man, who seemed no way surprised at these repeated demands, three more references. One to Mrs. Louis, in Barclay-street, and that being nearest, thither Mrs. Lee went. Mrs. Louis's establishment indicated the wealth of the proprietor. A servant announced Mrs. Lee to her lady. "Do, Ellen," said Mrs. Louis, looking up from the "last new novel," and addressing her seamstress, "go down and speak to her—I can't be bothered."

Ellen returned with a most favourable report, to which her mistress, as she did not lift her eyes from her book, could have given but half an ear. When Ellen stopped talking, she said, "She'll do, no doubt, but I can't speak to her now—tell her to call again in an hour or two."

"She looks very tired, ma'am." Mrs. Louis neither heeded nor heard. "The child is a pretty child—and they have had a tedious long walk, Mrs. Louis—and if you would please to speak to them now?"

"Do, Ellen, hush!" said her mistress, looking up from the tale of fictitious distress that was drenching her face with tears. "If the woman is tired, tell her to call Monday."

"You engaged to go out early Monday morning, Mrs. Louis."

"How you interrupt me, Ellen! If I am out, can't she call again?"

"I would not advise you to come, if you have another place in view," added Ellen, kindly, after delivering Mrs. Louis's message ; "Mrs. Louis has an engagement out, and you don't look able to take a long walk for nothing."

Mrs. Louis was not naturally more selfish than others. The sensibility that was poured out over a novel, or exhausted upon herself, if directed into proper channels, would have made her estimate rightly the value of time, the expense of labour, and the pain of hope deferred to a poor woman ; would, in short, have given her that lively sense of the rights and wants of others that is manifest in justice and kindness.

The next lady to whom her references admitted her was a Mrs. Ardley, a good-humoured, self-indulgent, easy-tempered woman. She asked few questions, and was satisfied with the answers given. "All I want," she said, "is a civil, obliging child, that is handy and willing—who will be ready to do a turn for the waiter, run out for the seamstress, help the cook, run up and down for the nurse—odds and ends, you know. If my people are satisfied, I shall be."

Mrs. Lee hesitated. These multiplied employers seemed to her like a many-headed monster ; but the hope of anything better was fast fading away. While she hesitated, the cook sent up to know if Mrs. Ardley would lend her a certain dress-cap for a pattern.\*

"I have done with the cap," said Mrs. Ardley,

\* This may seem an extravagant case, but we have heard from a lady that her cook—a *coloured* woman—offered to lend her her own new *blonde* cap for a model !

rolling up her eyes, laughing, and tossing from out her wardrobe a soiled cap, decked with bows and flowers; "tell Ferris she's welcome to it." She was evidently pleased with her own generosity, as well as amused at her woman's enterprising vanity. "Well, we seem to be agreed," she said to Mrs. Lee; "let your child come on Monday."

"There is one favour I would ask before concluding, ma'am—can my child have a room or a bed to herself?"

"Oh, no—there is no one, I believe, more indulgent than I am to my people—but this is a stretch a little beyond me—pray, does *miss* have a room to herself at home?"

"No, ma'am, I have but one room for my husband, myself, and my four children."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said Mrs. Ardley, almost involuntarily. There was a gentle dignity in Mrs. Lee's manner, that made her feel for a moment, in spite of their apparent relative stations, as if she were in the presence of a superior. "Sophy," she said, turning to her maid, "you know better than I—can you make up a separate bed for this little girl?"

"No, ma'am—not a comfortable one—there is not a mattress, nor even a blanket out of use."

"Why, Sophy, you make us out rather poverty-stricken."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Ardley! you know I did not mean that—there's piles of bedding in the trunk-room—it's only the servants' that is scanty!"

"Oh, ho! then we are not quite paupers yet?"

"Mrs. Ardley!"

"You see how it is," resumed Mrs. Ardley to

Mrs. Lee. "I should like to gratify you. I know a mother has peculiar feelings, let her situation in life be what it will; but your child will do very well with the cook—hey, Sophy?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Ardley—you remember Mary Orme?"

"Oh, it was that drunken wretch, Morris, that Mary Orme objected to sleeping with."

"Yes, Mrs. Ardley—but—"

"But what, Sophy? you are always making mountains of molehills."

Mrs. Lee waited anxiously for the explanation of Sophy's "but." Sophy, however, though sympathizing with Mrs. Lee's scruples, did not like to risk offending Mrs. Ardley by telling the truth, that Ferris, the present cook, was strongly suspected of her predecessor's infirmity.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Ardley, "let your little girl come and try. I take a fancy to her."

This first expression of good-will that she had heard that day brought Mrs. Lee almost to a conclusion; but still she shrunk from exposing Lucy to such contact with a stranger, of whose good character neither mistress nor maid ventured to give an assurance, and it was finally settled that if Mrs. Lee did not find a place to suit her better, Lucy should come on Monday morning. "And at any rate, if she does, let her call and let me know," said Mrs. Ardley.

"How silly it is in the woman to strain so at a gnat!" said Mrs. Ardley, after Mrs. Lee's departure; "when, by her own account, they live in such a mess at home."

"Yes, ma'am—but I suspect she has seen better days."



"She never hinted at any such thing."

"No, ma'am—but I somehow feel as if she had; and to them that has, Mrs. Ardley, it must be pretty hard to put up with what we have to gulp down, and say nothing about it."

"How ridiculous, Sophy! when everybody says servants have it all their own way nowadays."

"Do *servants* say so, Mrs. Ardley?"

"I am sure I don't know what they say."

Sophy was not addicted to the classics, or she might have aptly reminded Mrs. Ardley of the lion's comment on the sculptor's giving the victory to man over him.

"I do remember," resumed Mrs. Ardley, recurring to the applicants, "thinking once while they were here that that poor body had something superior to her condition. If so, it must be shocking for her to go about so among strangers, looking up a place for that nice little girl—if she calls Monday morning, I will try and keep her, even if she has engaged a place." Mrs. Ardley felt a sympathy for a fallen *possible* lady, that she never would have dreamed of for a *mere poor woman*.

When Mrs. Lee and Lucy again went on their way the lamps were lighting. There was still one application to be made, and, both wearied in body and spirit, they proceeded to the upper end of Greenwich-street, to a Mrs. Broadson's.

Mrs. Broadson asked innumerable questions, relevant and irrelevant. Where Mrs. Lee was born where she came from when she came to the city how long she had lived in New-York; how many children she had; what was her business; what was her husband's. "Strange," she said, "that

when your husband was able to earn a living by writing, he should be so very poor—is he a sober man?”

Mrs. Lee’s faded cheek glowed as she replied, “He could scarcely be otherwise in his present condition.”

“Is he kind to you?”

Lucy looked up to her mother with tearful eyes. “Excuse me, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lee, “from answering questions that have nothing to do with my child’s qualifications.”

“Hem! I understand—why have not you put out your child before?”

“I wanted her at home.”

“The old excuse! Let me tell you, good woman, it’s a very poor one. I am patroness of an infant school—I know children can’t be taught too early.”

“I have an infant school at *home*,” replied Mrs. Lee, somewhat proudly.

“Oh, yes, I know; but your children get such shocking habits sousing about, and doing nothing, and living all in a clutter.”

“What work do you wish to employ my child for, ma’am?”

“Oh, you should not be too particular. I make it a rule that a child should be willing to be called on for anything. I have two servants, and at most her work will not be worth speaking of. There are but two of us, I and husband.”

At this juncture Mrs. Broadson was called out, and an Irish servant who remained in the room asked Mrs. Lee to sit down, and kindly drew a low chair for Lucy to the fire. “Warm ye, child,” she

said, "you look kilt with the cold, and being questioned at this way, and no use either." Lucy was exhausted, and the kind word, and not the concluding intimation, opened a fountain of tears. "Och, child! ye should not fret," continued her consoler, "ye'll be after soon finding a place. It is not with you as with them that an't born in their native land—like my poor Judy M'Phealan!"

Mrs. Broadson's return interrupted this flow of kindness; and that lady, after higgling about wages, and making many comments upon the extravagant demands of servants, and their worthlessness "nowadays," agreed to receive Lucy the next Monday morning. This was almost a measure of desperation on Mrs. Lee's part. She had fruitlessly exhausted her day, and this was apparently the best situation that had offered. The family was small. There was an air of order and thrift in the house, and that, with the kindness of the Irish woman, Lucy's only fellow-servant, had decided Mrs. Lee. "Sure!" said this same woman, as the door closed after Mrs. Lee, with a face so changed that she scarcely seemed the same, "sure you do not mane to give this one the place you promised to Judy?"

"I mean to have two strings to my bow. If Judy don't come—"

"But sure she'll be after coming."

"Well, if she does, Biddy, you may take time to look her up another place. It's natural, you know, I should prefer an American girl."

"And this is the way you ladies keep your word to us, and then complain that we are not up to the mark! Poor Judy! God help her!"

Is the failure in the performance of contracts between employers and employed so generally complained of confined to one of the contracting parties? We ask the experienced.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### LEAVING HOME.

ON Sunday evening Mrs. Lee announced to her family that Lucy was to leave home in the morning. Lee was reduced to passiveness, and a long interval of temperance, enforced though it was, had caused him to revert to some of the feelings of his better days. "Come to my bedside, Lucy," he said; "you are going out into the world, child—you'll find it's a selfish world—everybody is for number one—keep open a jealous eye—don't submit to be trampled on—I have seen enough of the tyranny of mankind—I have no faith in them—your mother will tell you a different story—your mother is one of the best of women, and her own goodness is a kind of veil between her and the wickedness of the world. She puts the best face on everything, but she does not seem to have much to say for the place you are going to—well, there is one consolation—you can always change it—if you have anything to complain of, let us know it—don't submit to imposition. Now I have given you all the advice I can think of—but oh, my child,

what shall I do when you are gone ? you have always been my pride and darling ! you do everything just right for me—you fix my pillow easy, and you make my tea just sweet enough, and you can always make Jemmie quiet, and the girls are contented when you are in the house. Oh, Lucy, if I could only do anything for you !”

“ You can, father,” replied Lucy, laying her cheek wet with tears to his ; “ always speak kind to mother and poor Jemmie !”

Her father promised, and remembered, for the first time, that others were to suffer severely, as well as himself, from Lucy’s departure.

Jemmie, the poor little boy who was the object of his sister’s intense love and tender care, had received a terrible injury when he was three years old from a fall from a horse, on which his father, in a fit of intoxication, and in spite of his mother’s entreaties and remonstrances, had insisted on placing him. The child’s back was protruded, and his limbs withered, but his mind had a preternatural development. Lucy withdrew from her father’s bed to prepare Jemmie’s supper. He, meanwhile, was lying in his basket-cradle, his soft black eye following his sister, and tear after tear trickling down his unnaturally pale cheek. She sat down on her accustomed seat beside him. He took in silence one or two swallows, and then gently pushing away the spoon, he said, “ It chokes me, Lucy ! I can’t eat to-night.” Lucy set away the cup of tea, and, putting her lips to his, whispered, “ Don’t feel so, Jemmie.”

“ How can I help it, Lucy ?”

“ Oh, we must do as mother says—look at the

bright side, Jemmie. I shall come home *every* Sunday."

"Every Sunday ; and oh, how long it will seem before Sunday comes ! But it is not of myself I'm thinking, though it does make the tears come so when I think you won't be here to ask for what I want, and always to look pleasant, and leave your work, and come and read to me, and sing to me when the other girls want to be doing something else, and I can't bear to trouble mother—and you are never tired drawing me, and I can go to sleep if my breast aches ever so much when you bend over me, and stroke, and smile, and stroke as if it were always pleasant to do it ; but it's not for myself *only*, Lucy," and here he sobbed aloud ; "but I cannot bear to think you must go away from your own home, and work all day for people that will only pay you, and not love you as we do."

"Not as *you* do," replied Lucy, making an effort to speak calmly ; "but I shall try to make them love me a little—it would be hard indeed to work for nothing but money, and I do not intend to do so. Mother says she never saw a family yet where there was not some one to love, and some good to do besides just work—I shall try—it's not very agreeable to have a hungry stomach, but a hungry heart must be a great deal worse—don't you think so, Jemmie ?"

Jemmie smiled through his tears. "I should think so, Lucy, but I don't know anything about it, for we have always plenty of the best food for our hearts, if we have not anything else."

"We must thank mother for that ; and now

promise me, Jemmie, you'll make the best of my going."

"I'll try, Lucy," replied the little fellow, with a quivering lip; and Lucy proceeded with all the resolution she could muster to go through her usual occupations. Her father's evening meal was prepared with as much care as that of a more pampered epicure. His toast, his tea and salt fish, must be exactly right to tempt the sense, blunted and diseased by gross indulgence, and he selfishly ate, and groaned, and fretted, while his defrauded wife and girls sat by, supping on the hardest fare. Thanks to the sweet uses of labour and temperance, they relished it more than the sick man could have relished a Roman feast.

"I am sure," said little Annie Lee, setting back her chair, and throwing herself into Lucy's lap, "I don't know what Martha and I are to do when you are gone."

"Do?" replied Lucy, kissing her; "why, Annie, you are to do all your work, and mine into the bargain."

"Oh, Lucy, you know that is not what I mean; but who will make Martha's paste?"

"I have taught her how to make it as well as I can."

"Yes; but sometimes she has bad luck with it, and you never have bad luck, and she can't call on mother, because mother has too much to do already."

"No; instead of calling on mother, I hope you will both always be ready to assist her."

"But I must ask her, Lucy, to fix my work when

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it plagues me, and to put my band on, and to do everything that you do, and that I can't do."

"Well, do your best, girls—try hard to please father—never, *never* get out of patience with poor little Jemmie, and always be kind to dear mother—be *thoughtful*, girls—don't wait till she asks you to do a thing, for you know mother is too apt to do things herself rather than to keep asking and asking—I think, girls, it's the willingness we put into our service that sweetens it to ourselves and to others—you will have a great deal more to do when I am gone; but I shan't be sitting with my hands before me, and what I earn I shall bring home to mother; so, though apart, we are all working for home. Come, mother, let us sit down round Jemmie's cradle and sing our hymns—it won't disturb you, will it, father?"

"No—I don't hear you half the time when you sing."

Singing hymns with her children was Mrs. Lee's habitual Sunday-evening recreation; and never had she seen an hour so dark and disturbed that this exercise did not tranquillize and elevate her spirits. Sometimes Jemmie's thin feeble voice joined the rest, and he attempted now to raise it, but his tremulous tones soon died away; and pressing Lucy's hand which held his, he said, "I can only join you in my heart, Lucy." Mr. Lee fell asleep; and when the singing was finished, Mrs. Lee knelt in the midst of her children, and commended them to the care of their Father in Heaven. Most earnestly did she pray for her who was going forth from the shelter of family love into the world, that in her temptations she might remember Him



who was tempted in all points as we are, and yet without sin—that in her ignorance and weakness she might seek wisdom and strength from him who giveth liberally—and that at last, however separated and tried on earth, they might all, parents and children, meet in the bosom of the father.

As they rose the children kissed their mother and kissed one another. It is such worship as this, in the sanctuary of *home*, that binds in one “bundle of life” the parent and child, that sustains the old and prepares the young for conflict and victory. “Before you go to bed, Lucy,” said her mother, “I must give you some advice; it must be general, for I cannot foresee the circumstances in which you may be placed. You cannot greatly err if you will keep it in mind that God’s eye is upon you, and if you love him supremely. Remember what I have so often told you, that it is not the events of life—its outward circumstances that are important, but the effect they have on our characters. The cloudy and the bright day alike soon pass away. It is our business to sow the seed and till the ground, and then, whether bright or cloudy, the harvest will come in due season. You will have trials, Lucy: your most faithful services may pass without praise, thanks, or even notice—but be patient, my child— toil not for praise—do not shrink from undeserved blame. Be content with the sense of doing your duty—judge yourself honestly, and never forfeit your own self-respect. I am a little afraid you will fail in the manners suited to your condition—I have been so sure that my children respected me, that I have not required the outward sign. Though we

live in a republican country, the truth is, we have unequal conditions—I do not wish you to be servile—I would not have you imitate the manners of foreign servants—a respectful manner, my dear child, is always fitting from a young person to her elders, and modesty, civility, and gentleness are suited to every relation in life. I have known many ladies speak to their domestics with far more civility than they replied to them—and I know some who forget, in their manners at least, that domestics are no longer slaves. Keep your feelings right towards your employers, and then your manners cannot be very unsuitable. Remember the great virtue of that soft answer that turneth away wrath. The heads of families have a great many irritating, vexing cares that you can know nothing of: if they are petulant and unreasonable to you, be forbearing, my child, and you may do them good; at any rate, you will avoid doing evil yourself. Be gentle and patient, kind and generous, to the children of the family.”

“Gentle, patient, and kind I can be—but how in the world generous? what shall I have to give?”

“Your time, your strength, your ingenuity; a person who will sit by a child and contrive it amusement for half an hour is far more *generous* than she who goes out with a full purse and buys the same child an expensive toy. Our means of generosity do not depend on our riches—your *generosity*, dear Lucy, when you have foregone a pleasant walk of a Sunday, and sat down by poor little Jemmie, and made him happy for an hour, has often brought tears to my eyes.”

"Oh," said Lucy, "how I do wish Mrs. Broadson had children—something that I could love."

"If you find you cannot love Mrs. Broadson, Lucy, you may find somebody to love—maybe that good-natured Irish girl."

"That will be a comfort—and if Mrs. Broadson is cross, maybe she will take my part."

"Have a care, Lucy; don't have any combination against your employer."

"But, mother, you would not have me bear everything?"

"No, my child; when there is that which you ought not to bear, you must change your place; but don't be in haste to do this; you will find something disagreeable in every place; permanence is in itself a great good, especially for a young person. You hardly need any other recommendation than that you have lived a long while in any decent family."

"Well, mother, I shall always come home and tell you all my troubles, and then do just what you think best."

"No, Lucy—try first to bear your troubles, and, by bearing, overcome them. If they are insupportable, then come to me—if you are puzzled as to what you ought to do, come to me—but don't make mountains of molehills. One thing I charge you to be circumspect about—the private circumstances of a family must be more or less exposed to the persons employed in it, and a feeling of honour should restrain them from tale-bearing—I am afraid there is very little of this. The time will come, when, as the condition of the employed in our country is very much elevated above what that of

the same class is in any other country, their characters will be so too. 'This relation is sometimes a very happy one, when there is mutual kindness, and affection, and, I may say, respect—trust on one side, and faithfulness on the other, and gratitude on both.'

"Gratitude, mother? Do you think that I can make a person that pays me for my service grateful to me besides?"

"My dear child, if you are such a servant as I trust you will be, you will render services that money can never pay for—but you will understand all this better hereafter, when you have seen more of the world. Serve others from a sense of duty as you have served me from love. Remember the woman in Scripture of whom our Saviour said 'she had done all that she *could*,' and for that reason he graciously accepted her small service. Ask God's blessing daily—that will be sufficient for you. Good-night, my dear child—to-morrow you begin!" Lucy moved Jemmie from his basket-cradle to her cot, where he always slept, and fell asleep wetting his cheek with her tears.

It was worthy of remark, that Mrs. Lee had never once alluded to her former superior condition. She carried her virtue still further; she endeavoured to conceal it from her children, and to forget it herself. How unlike those who have neither the sense nor the virtue to adapt their minds to fallen fortunes, but with their old tastes and appetites are for ever hankering after the luxuries of Egypt, instead of putting forth the strength essential to help them through the wilderness, and which would surely carry them to an inheritance enriched with divine gifts—the *promised land* of persevering virtue.

## CHAPTER V.

## GOING TO SERVICE.

EARLY Monday morning, before her father or the children were awake, Lucy, with her basket in hand, and her mother's last blessing cheerfully spoken, set out for Mrs. Broadson's. In fulfilment of her promise to Mrs. Ardley, she called at that lady's house to acquaint her with her decision. Before she had half finished her sentence to the waiter who opened the door, he said, "Ah, I understand, you are the girl Mrs. Ardley gave me the message for. She says that, as all things are not quite to your mother's mind here, she'll make your wages four dollars and a half, if you'll stop with us."

"I cannot—I promised Mrs. Broadson."

"Oh, that's nothing; the ladies don't half the time keep their promises with us, and it is presuming-like to set out to be better than they—and Mrs. Ardley bid me tell you an engagement did not matter till you began at the place."

"Good-morning," said Lucy, abruptly, a little shocked at this new exposition of moral obligation, and yet secretly wishing she could honestly have got that additional half dollar for her poor mother. If we knew the temptation the poor resisted, surely we should have more sympathy and more respect for them. The waiter thought Lucy a "silly

child," but inferred, from his own experience, that she would "soon learn better!"

As Lucy went up Mrs. Broadson's steps she passed a girl about her own age, with a shabby bandbox under her arm, such as the improvident poor usually use to contain all their goods and chattels. Lucy perceived the girl had been weeping, and thought that she eyed her askance; but she soon forgot her in the novelty of her situation.

She was admitted by a Polish waiter, who spoke but few words, and those broken English. It was still early; but Mrs. Broadson, a stirring, notable woman, was in her breakfast-room, ready to receive the new-comer, to give her "a right start," as she said. Mrs. Broadson, it may be recollected, was the wife of a man who had, by speculating, suddenly gained a fortune, and, like too many who thus emerge into a new element in our country, she required (but had not) a new organization to fit her for it. "The sun and fortune" do *not* "make *all* insects shine."

Mrs. Broadson had been accustomed to grubbing all her life—her domestic labours were now limited to getting the greatest possible service for the least possible compensation.

"Ah, here you are, child," was her greeting to Lucy; "I am glad you have kept your engagement—servants can't be too particular about that—run up to the attic—there you'll see Biddy's room—I told your mother you should sleep with Biddy. Leave your basket there, and come back to me."

Lucy went with that sad feeling so natural in exploring a strange house, and she sprang forward as if she had met a friend when she saw Bridget's

face in her little cold attic. But how strangely altered was that face to her! Instead of the hearty kindness with which she had greeted her on Saturday evening, she averted her head, and replied grudgingly to Lucy's cordial "Good-morning! Where shall I set my basket?" asked Lucy.

"Where you can find a place—the hole is full enough already."

"I will set it outside, then," said Lucy; and, suppressing a sigh of disappointment, she returned to Mrs. Broadson.

"You've taken a time to go up stairs, child—but you are a stranger yet—you should move quick—I always do—a great deal of time is saved by quick movements. To be sure there's very little to do in my house, but then everybody ought to keep busy—I always do—I feel, and so does Mr. Broadson, as if it was very extravagant to keep three servants just for us two, and therefore it's your duty, child, to be as industrious and saving as possible—it's a great chance to get such a place as you have here, where there's only two; you must think of that, and you must not expect, as some servants do, to have everything on your table that we have on ours—I don't calculate to have you eat butter—I don't touch it myself—(the lady was forbidden it by her physician)—and I don't allow it to Jaboski—nor tea, Lucy, nor coffee—the doctors thinks them unhealthy nowadays—to be sure, Bridget has them, but then she's a woman—besides, as there's only two of us, we have enough left for her." Bridget, as Mrs. Broadson well knew, was sufficiently apprized of her rights not to suffer herself to be defrauded of them. "I expect you to get up

very early in the morning—I always do ; and when you sit down in the evening, come to me for some sewing—it's bad to be idle—I never am. Now, while Mr. Broadson and I am at breakfast, put the parlour in perfect order ; you must be very smart, for as there are only two of us, we soon despatch our breakfast ; another thing, child, you should yourself eat quick—I always do. As soon as you have swallowed your breakfast, come to me for further directions."

"Can I warm my hands before I go in that cold room, ma'am ?"

"Are you used to having your rooms warmed at home to work in ?"

"We have but one, and that always feels warm."

"Your work will warm them—it's a bad habit to keep running to the fire—I never do." Jaboski was then summoned, and made to understand that the cleaning materials were to be delivered over to Lucy. Jaboski promptly obeyed the order, secretly rejoicing that his labours were to be abridged, and little dreaming that Broadson and his wife, a thrifty pair, had resolved upon the economical expedient of employing a young girl in order to let him off in the morning to perform a porter's task at the warehouse of "Broadson & Co." In this mode that safe speculation of the penny saved was achieved, and the show, without the expense of a man-servant, kept up, while the porter had but the house-servant's wages. So far from perceiving this was dishonest, Mrs. Broadson valued herself particularly on her clever expedient. "Why," she would say to her acquaintance, "don't you get German servants—I do—get them before they



know a word of the language, and find out the abominable wages and ways of our servants—I have had several at half price, the best servants I ever had. As they can't speak English, and are utter strangers in the land, they are glad to put up with anything they can get in a decent family. It is a little difficult making them understand; but as there are only two of us, I and Mr. Broadson, we get along very well—to be sure, after a while they learn the language, and then they are just as ungrateful as any of the rest, and will go as soon as they can better themselves!" Strange that these ungrateful beings should obey the instincts of all animal creation. The horse and the cow will take to the best pasture provided the fence is down; and, thanks to a kind Providence, there are no impassable fences in our Northern land to secure involuntary service, and to retain the human animal against his will and interest in any man's sterile pasture.

Lucy sat down to her first meal away from home with Jaboski. The frugal fare allowed by Mrs. Broadson was certainly luxurious compared to that of her own home; but the voices of mother and children were ringing in her ears; Jemmie's pensive smile seemed wanting for her, and even the accustomed sound of her father's chiding voice would have pleasantly broken the mournful silence. Bridget did not appear; Lucy was wondering at this, when, before she had had time to swallow, even at steamboat rate, that miracle of the deglutition art, she heard the summons of Mrs. Broadson's bell, and hastened up stairs. "Why, what's the matter now?" said Mrs. Broadson; "your eyes are as red as ferrets."

Lucy was ashamed of her irresolution, and, glad to attribute her red eyes to that which had in part caused them, she said, "The kitchen smokes badly, ma'am."

"You'll get used to that, child—all kitchens smoke\*—I am glad it is not home-sickness—it is too ridiculous to be home-sick for such places as you live in—I'm never home-sick."

"Neither should I be," thought Lucy, "if I had such a dismal home as this." Mrs. Broadson then proceeded to give her directions for her morning work; and Lucy soon found there was no advantage in the truth of that eternal vaunt of Mrs. Broadson, "there are but two of us, I and Mr. Broadson," for the woman employed all the mind she had in contriving to keep Lucy's feet and hands busy. As if the necessary labour of tending the street-door, rubbing brasses, furniture, and knives, going of errands, setting tables, &c., &c., were not enough, Mrs. Broadson must have her carpets swept with a short handbrush; and poor Lucy, accustomed to consider despatch the soul of business, spent an hour every day on her knees brushing off the carpets, Mrs. Broadson the while expatiating on the great economy of cleaning carpets in this fashion. "There is no dust raised," she said; "the fine parts of the carpet are not swept off—there is nothing worn."

"Nothing but my clothes, ma'am," said Lucy, showing a hole she had worn through her thin but well-saved frock.

\* This was the case with most New-York kitchens before the introduction of anthracite coal.

"That old thing!—that's nothing—you should not mind wearing out old clothes, child—I never do."

"I have none but old clothes, ma'am."

"Oh, well, you'll soon earn more."

"But my earnings," thought Lucy, "must go to something more important than buying me clothes." Lucy, however, was strong and industrious, and accustomed to constant labour; Mrs. Broadson's incessant demands would not have exhausted her patience; she could even smile when bid to open the windows of the spare room, and dust it, and shut them up again, and rub over with the soft brush the silver that was rubbed yesterday, knowing that the same process would be to go over to-morrow, the silver meanwhile remaining in "inglorious rest" upon the pantry shelf. But when Sunday came, then came a hard trial to Lucy—she had looked forward to it as the jubilee—the day when she was to go out free.

"What time to-day can I be spared to go home, Mrs. Broadson?" she asked.

"La, child, you speak as if your going home was a matter of course—your mother made no stipulation about that."

"We thought everybody had a part of Sunday."

"Oh, no—you are greatly mistaken—Bridget has every Sunday afternoon; I allow her great privileges." As may be imagined, Bridget had *stipulated* for her "privileges." "Every other Sunday she has the whole day—to-day I expect you to cook the dinner—I can't possibly spare you."

"But if I get the dinner cooked, and everything

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done, can't I just go and see how they all are, and Jemmie."

"Jemmie! who is he?"

"Jemmie!—Jemmie is the youngest."

"Not to-day, child—we had best begin as we are going on. Mr. Broadson and I always go to church all day—that we consider duty. Go to your work, child," continued Mrs. Broadson, seeing Lucy stand as if the question were not settled, "next Sunday will soon be here."

"*Soon* it may be to you, Mrs. Broadson—but it won't be soon to Jemmie, lying all the time in his basket-cradle, with nothing to think of but when I am coming. I promised him, Mrs. Broadson, and I *must* go—"

"You can't go, and there's an end on't."

The thought of Jemmie nerved Lucy's resolution, and she answered modestly but firmly, "I must go, if I *never* return."

"I suppose you know the consequences of going and not returning, child. I never pay any wages to anybody that leaves me within the month."

"What shall I do? what ought I to do?" thought Lucy; "mother must have the money to pay her rent—I *can* live without seeing them—but Jemmie! but mother." "Oh, Mrs. Broadson," she burst forth, "let me go—please—Jemmie will be looking at the door, and listening till I come."

"He must take it out in listening, child—I must begin as I mean to go on—I always do—so just go to your work, and think no more about it."

How easy to give the command! how impossible to obey it! Lucy did go to her work, but her thoughts went home. Bitterly did she regret hav-

ing given a promise to Jemmie that she could not perform without violating a paramount duty to her mother—that duty, after a little reflection, she resolved to fulfil; still she hankered after her little dependant Jemmie, and tear followed tear as her imagination presented the struggle of expectation and disappointment on his loved countenance.

Bridget observed her emotion—she rarely spoke to her, seldom even looked at her, but now she said, “What frets ye, child?”

It was kindly spoken, and Lucy poured out her griefs. “If that’s all,” said Bridget, “I’ll mind the house while you run home after dinner.”

“But Mrs. Broadson has forbidden me.”

“And won’t she be at church, and none the wiser?”

“I had rather not go so, Biddy; but if you will be just so good as to let me speak to her—”

“Take your own way, child—it’s all one to me.”

Mrs. Broadson acceded to her petition. Bridget’s name was a potent one. She well knew the cause of Bridget’s late sulkiness. She felt the importance of propitiating her; and, eager to profit by the first symptom of returning good-humour, she said, “Oh, yes, if Biddy is willing, you can change days with her—but remember, next Sunday I must hear no dinging about this home business.”

The “run” home that Bridget had proffered, Lucy knew was no equivalent for the next Sunday’s half day; but further negotiation was out of the question, and the poor child, like the weaker party in all treaties, took what she could get. The first free moment found her on her way home, and soon after, for she went quick “as the thoughts of

love," she was kneeling by Jemmie, with her arms round his neck, and replying to his "Oh, Lucy! I was afraid you never, *never* would come," "I was afraid so too—and I find, Jemmie, I can't come home every Sunday."

"Then I shall grow old before I see you, Lucy; it seems a year since last Monday morning."

Lucy used her best rhetoric to make Jemmie acquiesce in her prolonged absence. It was but a forced submission to the inevitable.

"I know you would come if you could, Lucy, and that seems hardest of all."

"That's true!" exclaimed the father—"it is a shame to make you a slave to people's whims; but I told you how it would be beforehand."

"We can never, in any situation, my dear Lucy," said her mother, "be independent of others—but as you have only five minutes, tell us how you get on." Lucy was preresolved not to distress her mother with any complaints, and her answer was guarded and rather unsatisfactory. Poor Mrs. Lee guessed the meaning of this reserve; but, hoping for a favourable reply to one question, she said, "I am sure, Lucy, you find that Biddy a pleasant woman to live with?"

"Mother, that is the one thing I wanted to speak with you about. I know Biddy is good—she is so very kind to Judy Phealan, an orphan girl that comes there; she's good, too, to Jaboski; and to-day she was very obliging to me; but ever since I went there she has had something against me; she does not speak to me if she can help it; we sleep together, but she never even puts her hand over me. It is not natural for an Irish person, you know,

mother—they are so warm-hearted—what can be the reason?"

"I can't guess—some foolish superstition, perhaps. But persevere, my child; good will certainly, in the long run, overcome evil."

"I will try my best, mother. I must go now. Good-by, Jemmie. If you only feel as much better as I do for just this little visit, you'll kiss me and not shed one tear. Good-by, father! I hope, mother, you won't look quite so pale when I come home next time. Give my love to the girls when they come from Sunday-school," and away she ran, without shedding a tear—till she was out of sight.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### MORE RULES THAN RIGHT.

JUDY PHEALAN was with Bridget when Lucy returned. Bridget's countenance was lowering. "You've been in mighty haste," she said.

"I was afraid Mrs. Broadson would be at home, and wanting something; and I did not wish you to have the trouble of my work, Biddy."

"I don't care how soon I have it all—but you are sure to keep on the blind side of Mrs. Broadson."

"Indeed," said Lucy, "I did not know she had a blind side, Biddy." With all Lucy's fidelity she

had never extracted from her hardbound mistress one approving word, it being one of that lady's golden "*rules*" not to praise servants, lest they should take advantage of it!

Nearly two weeks passed without any recordable event in the life of our humble heroine, but they were not profitless. The Father of all leads his *faithful* children by no barren way. For them there are gleanings in the most steril fields. Lucy, while serving others, was educating herself. Besides the daily exercise of difficult virtues, she was increasing her value by learning to perform domestic offices well. Mrs. Broadson had not given her life and her soul to house-affairs without excelling, and Lucy learned in her novitiate the most thorough mode of dusting, how most accurately to make a bed, the best way of cleaning plate, and that heavy duty of our winters, polishing brasses.

"Mother was mistaken about one thing," thought she, as day after day passed without her painstaking winning one compensating smile. "I shall never make friends here." Lucy despaired too soon.

Mrs. Broadson's spouse had some infirmities that were particularly annoying to her. He had an inveterate habit of dropping his handkerchief, misplacing the newspaper, mislaying his spectacles, and leaving his snuff-box on the mantelpiece. These misdeeds called forth strictures from his lady that, in their irritating effect, were much like a smoky chimney, or a shower of hail in the face. "How strange! Mr. Broadson," she would exclaim, "why can't you just tuck the newspaper under these books—I always do; there! you've



set down your box in the old place—if there's anything that tries me, it's living in such a litter!—it's so unnecessary when there are only two of us!" Now our friend Lucy had an uncommon portion of that sixth sense, which enables a person to see, hear, and feel for others, called in polite life *tact*; and by rectifying these little blunders of Broadson, slipping the newspaper into the right place, picking up the handkerchief before the argus' eye had fallen on it, &c., &c., she had, though he was rather oyster-like in the selfish independence of his existence, begun to elicit sparks of gratitude which appeared in a "bless me!" and then, as his sensibilities were roused by a sense of the pattering escaped, a "thank you, child!" "an attentive little girl!" and finally, when one evening, as he heard his wife's quick step approaching through the entry, he shoved a lamp off the table, which Lucy dexterously caught before a drop of oil had touched the Brussels carpet, he actually thrust his hand into his pocket with the intention of bestowing a half dollar, as the reward of his signal preservation, when he was prevented either by the too sudden entrance of Mrs. Broadson, or the recollection of one of her economical "*rules*," that "it was never best to give presents to servants—it always led to *expectations*!"

When the tea-apparatus and Lucy had disappeared, some secret thought of his sudden deliverance prompted him to ask his spouse "what wages she gave that little girl."

"Three dollars and a half, my dear—high—considering her years, and considering there are only two of us."

"Why, no, my love, I don't think it is extra-

gant, considering she makes out to do all Jaboski's work, and a good deal besides ; indeed, I was thinking, as you 'make it a *rule*' not to give presents, that perhaps we could afford, now Jaboski's wages are saved, to give her four dollars a month."

"My dear ! are you raving ? You know I make it a *rule* never to raise wages. You would directly give them the idea we *set* a great value on their services."

"So it would, my love—you are right," replied the acquiescing husband, his natural sense of justice soon lost in his habitual subjection to the strong current of his wife's superior selfishness.

The next day, when Mr. Broadson came home to dinner, after two or three extra pinches of snuff, and a-hems and ha-as, he announced to his wife that Jaboski had given him warning he should leave him when his month was up.

"Leave you !—why, what an ungrateful wretch ! What reason does he give ?"

"Oh, he says he must get porter's wages for porter's work !"

"What impertinence ! but 'tis astonishing how soon they all learn it here. Somebody has been talking to him. I thought it was a risk to let him out of the house."

"Yes—that was a mistake. As soon as they learn English, their working for half price is all over.\* He made out to tell me that the major of

\* A Polish exile once told me that a lady concluded an excessive commendation of one of his countrymen, who served her in the capacity of waiter, by saying, with the utmost naïveté, "I assure you I could not get an American as good for double the wages I pay him !" We may set down disagreeable truths, but no fiction.

the regiment he served in in Poland was in the city, and sick and poor, and it was for him he wanted to earn more money."

"Foolish fellow! I wonder what good money does them! Well, I'll look out for another; you know I have never failed yet, my dear. But I think I never was so plagued as now. Bridget has not been the same since Lucy came here."

"What does that mean?"

"Why, Bridget has got a kind of a cousin, you know—the Irish are all cousins—one Judy Phealan, that she has been wild to get here, and I had told her she might come, when Lucy applied. I liked Lucy's looks and her mother's, and those Irish are so sluttish and hard to teach, and Lucy was in a desperate hurry to get a place, and t'other one I could have any time, and so I concluded to take Lucy, and Bridget has really *set* up about it; but I expect she'll come to; if she don't, I must take Judy, for I can't part with Bridget?"

"I should think it would be easier supplying Bridget's place than Lucy's."

"My dear! give me leave to say you know nothing about it."

"That is not your fault, my love, for I seldom hear you talk about anything else."

Mrs. Broadson hardly knew whether to understand this reply as a compliment or sarcasm, and she answered accordingly. "To be sure, my dear, as there are only two of us—and everybody says, as well as me, that it's the most *momentious* subject in this country, and will be as long as we are at the mercy of our servants." Mrs. Broadson then proceeded to detail to Mr. Broadson, for the

fortieth time probably, the nature of Bridget's services, but rather too circumstantially for the entertainment of our readers. The amount of it was, that Bridget was a woman of great strength, capacity, and industry; that she accomplished more work than two ordinary women; and that all her work was well done, and that Mrs. Broadson had "*made it an object*," as she had stated to Bridget, to stay, by paying her above the average wages, and giving her many indulgences. "These cost us nothing, as there are only two of us," the lady truly thought.

The Saturday night preceding Lucy's third Sunday at service, and the day of her promised periodical visit home, arrived. Judy stole in about tea-time, as was her custom, and Lucy was the first to observe and remark that she did not look well. To Bridget's eager inquiries she answered that she had had a sore throat, and chills and burning heats all day, and the people were out, and nobody to go for a drop of water.

"And ye'll get your death in that cold garret, ye will, Judy—I'll have no more of it," said Bridget, bursting into tears, and taking Judy on her lap.

"Something must be done to-night," said Lucy, more in the habit of remedying an evil than crying over it.

"Ye need not tell me that!" replied Bridget; and, wiping away her tears, and swallowing her sobs, she went up stairs and electrified her mistress with the information that she must look out for another in her place, as she "would not live in the king's palace to be queen of it, if she could not have Judy to be with her—the lone thing, that had nobody in

the wide world to care for her but her!" Though Mrs. Broadson was resolved upon the sacrifice of Lucy rather than part with Bridget, yet it being one of her golden "*rules*" "never to let servants feel that they have the upper hand," she carefully avoided sudden concession, and merely said, "Perhaps I can make it an object for you to stay; at any rate, don't look out for a place till next week."

"I've something else to do," thought poor Bridget, as she hastened back to the sick child, "and what in the world am I to do with her?" She met Lucy at the kitchen door, who, shutting it so as not to be overheard, said, in her most gentle voice, "I think you did not understand me, Bridget, when I said 'something must be done to-night;' I meant Judy could not go out of the house, for it's a cold storm, and she's getting worse every minute. Now, if you will put her into your bed, I can sit up in the kitchen, and I can keep her drink warm and bring it up to you. If we can get her in a perspiration, she will be better directly—that's always mother's way with a sudden cold."

"But," said Bridget, in a softened voice, "you can't sit up all night, and you such a childer."

"Oh, yes, I've often done it with our Jemmie, and not felt it; and," she continued, encouraged by Bridget's softened manner, "I'll go first of all to Mrs. Broadson, and ask for some liniment for Judy's throat."

"Bless your kind heart!—stop a bit—she'll be after sending her home! First we'll just get her snug in the bed, and then my old lady must make the best of it."

This mode of proceeding was not according to

Lucy's code, which prescribed to her to act openly ; but this was Bridget's affair, and she quietly followed her with the lamp while she carried Judy to the attic. " Now, Lucy, honey," said Bridget, " keep a dumb tongue, and take this shilling, and fetch the liny-stuff from the 'potecaries.' It will be soon enough to be after telling her when we can't help it."

" But if the bell should ring, and we both out of the kitchen ?"

" You're not such a natural, Lucy, you can't give a *raison* when it's wanted ?"

" But I must give the right one, Biddy." Bridget was too much absorbed in Judy, and too grateful for Lucy's services, to be offended by the implication of Lucy's reply, and she had quite forgotten it when Lucy returned, sooner than she expected, with the liniment, and a bag of warmed sand, which " Mother said (and truly) was the best thing in the world to lay to cold feet."

" Ah, how should ye know everything, and ye such a childer ?"

" It's having our Jemmie always sick, and mother to teach me."

" Och, poor Judy ! All her mother did for her was to bring her into this miserable world, poor darlint ! God help her ! But hark ! there's the bell !"

" And what is all this pattering up and down stairs for ?" asked Mrs. Broadson, who had an ubiquitous pair of ears. Lucy explained. " And who proposed putting that sick child to bed in my house, and no leave asked ?"

" I did, ma'am ; she was too sick to go out such

a night, and I did not think you would have any objection to my giving up my place to her."

"She was not too sick to *come* out, if she was to *go* out. In future, remember, I make it a *rule* never to take a sick person into my house—it's very dangerous—we might get our deaths—and there are only two of us. Well, I trust Bridget will send her off before breakfast—don't tell her I know anything about it."

"If she asks me, ma'am?"

"Nonsense! she won't; but if she does you can turn it off without telling a lie."

"I don't wonder," thought Lucy, "mother gave me so many, *many* charges about being steadfast in the truth. Who could have thought that a lady as old as Mrs. Broadson could have as good as told such a child as I am to lie! but I guess I shall find there's not many like mother, who thinks everybody ought to try to make everybody else as good, as well as as happy as they can." Alas, no! there are not many governed by these divine principles—these moral steam-engines.

Lucy's evening was a busy one. One of Mrs. Broadson's *rules* being, that "whatever was left undone, the work must be done." All human concerns were by this lady divided into two parts; *the work* was the kernel, the remainder the shell. Fortunately for Lucy, work was no evil to her, as appeared by her answer to Jaboski, when he said, in the course of the evening, "You too much work for one so little girl." She replied, "Oh, no, Jaboski, work keeps off bad feelings; when I am so busy, I can't think of mother and Jemmie."

"Ah! the same with me, Lucy; when I too

much work, I not think of mine poor country-people." With what blessings has a beneficent Providence begirt labour; with health and appetite, sweet sleep, and peace of mind!

When her last task was done, Lucy crept softly up stairs. Bridget was sleeping soundly, and Judy too was asleep, but her cheek was of a scarlet die, and her breathing so oppressed, that Lucy, after another hour's watch, repeated her visit to the attic. She found Bridget just waked from her sound sleep by Judy's suffocating cough, and terrified out of her wits. The poor child thought herself dying; her terror increased her oppression, and she clung around Bridget's neck with the grasp of a drowning person. "Lord Almighty help us!" exclaimed Bridget, "she's the last of all my people, and she's going! Och, Lucy, could you be after going for the priest this stormy night, and the Almighty's blessing on you?" While Bridget was uttering these ejaculations and entreaties, Lucy was wrapping a cloak round Judy. "We must first take her to the kitchen, and put her in a warm bath—the water, and the tub, and all is ready—I knew she'd want it; and then, Biddy, you can run for the doctor that lives up the street. We'll get the priest, if wanted, to-morrow; I've seen Jemmie as bad as this, and quite easy before morning."

"Ye're the Almighty's own comfort to me," replied Bridget, her energies rekindling with the light of hope; "and if she wins through, poor lamb, I'll down on my knees to you for all my ungrateful thoughts!" This was said while she was hurrying down stairs with her precious burden in her arms, regardless of the danger of offending the mistress



of the house, who, roused from her cat-sleep by the unwonted noise, surlily called to know "what all the racket meant." Lucy stopped and respectfully explained. "La, it's only a cold," replied Mrs. Broadson; "the Irish are always scared out of their wits—it's hard we can't be allowed to sleep when there's only two of us!" and she closed the door, thinking it was no further her concern than as it invaded her comfort.

Judy was immersed in the bath and the physician called; and his prescriptions harmonizing with the restoratives Lucy had advised, Judy was speedily relieved. "Bless the sweet eyes of ye, Lucy," said Bridget, "you it was that saved her to me, and I it was that wronged ye; but true as the word stands in the Holy Bible, I thought that, as St. Paul says, I had the right of it. But ye will be after forgiving me when ye know all the bad luck that's broken my heart. We were but five of us in Ireland, and that was before Mike, God rest his soul, was killed fighting with the rebellion-ruffian about the cow that kept poor Judy's breath in her, for her mother's husband, that was to be, was taken off for a soldier, and so she fretted herself to death for that it was, and not borning the baby that killed her; and then the old gentleman—my father that was, was took off to the Limerick jail for Mike's business, and the boys got him out, and hid him in the rocks up the country, and there of hardship, and starvation, and fretting, and the like, he died. My own father it was, Lucy, and he that had a kind word for even the dog at his door; and then my mother, ah! her heart was always bending like, not breaking, went to live with her sister's son's wife, and Judy with

her, and I came off to America to earn money to fetch them over. Here I thought it was but asking service, and getting it, and pay for it! The first lady I went to, she asked me, 'Did I understand the work in a gentleman's family?' and I said, 'Troth and I did not, but I was asy tached;' but she'd not take the trouble of taching a raw hand, and so to the next I just rubbed down the truth a bit, and said sure there was some things I did not quite understand; she asked me would I take lower wages till I learned; upon no account, I told her, for the learning was the sevariest of all; so she laughed and took me, and a happy time I should have had there, but the lady found fault with my dress not being smart like the others. And would I be after buying clothes, and my mother and Judy starving-like, and every month a year to me till they came. But I kept my rasons to myself, and got another place, where work was light, plenty of everything spent and wasted, and the lady riding all the day, and out all the evening; but in three months they failed, so that place was gone; but they paid me handsomely, good luck to them! Then I went to another great house, where I did my best, for my wages were high, and paid when I asked for them; but the lady was always finding fault with my 'Irish ways,' as she called them; and what ways would she have of me, I asked her, that was born and bred, and passed all my happy life in Ireland, save ten miserable months and six days in America, with ladies that could find fault with my Irish ways and never tached me better? so she called me 'partinent,' and I looked out for another place. This time my luck changed. It was to Mrs. Tilson's I went—the Almighty bless

her. It was but middling wages I got there, and plenty of work, for I was the only one they kept, and he but a bookkeeper, and she a delicate woman with plenty of small children. But then she laid out the work completely for me, and gave a lift herself when it was heavy, and was always taking thought for me, and asking when I heard from mother and Judy; when a letter came to me there was a rejoicing from the very top to the very least little one in the family. Mr. Tilson would say, 'So you've good news, Biddy?' and then Mrs. Tilson—bless her sweet voice—'You've good news, Biddy?' and Harry Tilson—their oldest—a bright lad he was, 'You've good news, Biddy?' and so they handed it down to little Archy, who could just lisp it out, 'You've dood news, Biddy!' Och, they were just like the angels in heaven; where there was joy with one, there was joy with all. Everything I know I learned there; Mrs. Tilson was always telling me there is a right and a wrong way to everything, Biddy, and she showed me the right way to do this, and tached me the right way to do t'other. Ah, if the ladies were the like of her, half the trouble with their people would be over, and t'other half would not be to spake of. And when the bitter news of my mother's death came, she cried with me, and they all cried, from the top of the house down to Archy; sure, Lucy, it lightens the heart to have others fret with you."

"Oh, Biddy, how could you leave such people?"

"Sure and they left me, Lucy. It was a burning day in August when Mr. Tilson fell in a fit; the doctors said it all came from writing too constant, so they moved off into the country. I would

have gone with them, but there was poor Judy yet to be got over. Mrs. Tilson recommended me here. I told her, was it the work I cared for, so I was sure of being well paid; she said I would get plenty of work, and she would see I was well paid, and she it was herself that made the bargain for me; but sure, Lucy, I would rather live with the 'Tilsons' for the salt to my gruel, than with this woman for the best wages in New-York. But when you have a *raison* for it, Lucy, you can *do* and bear till you die. At last the money went, and Judy came, and sure I was as plased as if all Ireland had been in my arms; and it was *all* to me, my poor father, and mother, and Mike, and my sister, that was the last and least of us all, lying low, and her husband that was to be, gone—the Lord knows where! Sure I have wronged you, Lucy, and sorry am I for that same; but was not it natural-like I should want Judy to snug down under my wing. I did not let on to Mrs. Broadson she was my own dare sister's child, for the ladies are not fond of getting near kin together, lest they should favour one another, bad luck to them that would keep all God's blessings to themselves. I said she was my cousin, and is not she? and a dale more; and Mrs. Broadson engaged with her, and the steps were scarce cold from her feet when you came with your mother. You know the rest; but maybe you don't know that, when poor Judy came that morning with her bits of things, Jaboski had orders to send her away without calling me; and when you came, my breast was all on fire, and so it kept burning, for Judy was fretting, and I looking for a place for the two, and could

find none, and you every night lying warm at my side, when poor little Judy, the last of all the Phealans, was sleeping alone quite in a cold garret."

"I don't wonder at your feelings, Biddy; I should have felt just so if any one had come between me and our Jemmie. But you should have spoken out, Biddy. Mother says the simple truth spoken saves many a heartburn."

"Sure that's just the truth of it—you have tached me a good lesson—it's asy learning of them that's good to us! It was in a pet that I was when I gave Mrs. Broadson warning, but I'll find a place for Judy and me; now that I am rid of the bad blood, it all seems quite asy."

But not to poor Lucy did it all seem quite so "asy." Her nice sense of right bade her relinquish her place in Judy's favour. Bridget's wants it was not easy to supply. Lucy was sure of procuring some place; and though she dreaded the horrid business of going again in search of one, she did not hesitate; but, without consulting Bridget, who, in the flood-tide of her gratitude, would be sure to oppose her intentions, she hastened to the breakfast-room.

"The breakfast things are waiting for you, child," said Mrs. Broadson; "you must not give the day, as well as the night, to that sick child." When, after a host of directions to Lucy as to the petty domestic duties of the day, she stopped to take breath, Lucy said, "I believe, Mrs. Broadson, you had engaged Judy before I came?"

"Well—what of that?"

"I would rather not keep a place that another has a better right to."

"It is your choice to go—is it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But we choose to keep you," interposed Mr. Broadson.

"My dear! my dear!" exclaimed his wife, "allow me to settle this—it's your *rule* that I should see to the servants. Lucy, you know the consequence of going before your month is up?"

"I hoped, ma'am, as Judy is not well, and there is but one week of my month, you would be willing to let me stay till my month is up."

"Oh, no—it's your own choice to give up the place—I did not ask you, remember—if you choose to go, you must go now—I make it a rule never to have my kitchen cluttered up with folks." Lucy, unused as she was to maintain her rights, was now nerved by a strong motive, and she ventured to say that she thought, under the circumstances, she was entitled to her wages. "We must go according to rule, child," replied Mrs. Broadson; "I can't spend any more time talking—I must dress for church—I never talk about business on the Sabbath. Remember what I said to you about the apples, and nuts, and dusting the glasses," &c.

Mr. Broadson looked after his wife, and listened till her last footstep died away, and then he took out his purse, and paid Lucy, to a fraction, the money due for her three weeks' service. He was an honest, though not a generous man, and as he put the money into her hand, he said, "You have a right to it, Lucy."

"I believe I have, sir," replied Lucy, with true dignity; "but, for all that, I thank you, and so will mother—and so will our Jemmie." And the tears,

before restrained, now gushed forth, and, like dew from heaven, brought forth fruit. "Here, take this dollar," said Broadson, for once indulging in the luxury of a spontaneous kindness, "and buy something for our Jemmie—but mind, say nothing to Mrs. Broadson about this or the pay either."

"No, sir—but I wish you would tell her yourself."

"For what, in the name of wonder?"

"Maybe she would do right herself next time."

"Ah," muttered Broadson between his teeth, and smothering a laugh, "it's hard teaching an old dog new tricks."

Mrs. Broadson would not have changed Lucy for Judy if she could have helped it; but, after Bridget's warning, she was aware that was the only alternative if she would retain Bridget, and Bridget was too profitable a person to lose. An actual fraud like that by which Mrs. Broadson would have deprived Lucy of her earnings is, we are sure, not common in domestic diplomacy. But where such power by common law exists, abuses will prevail more or less. We have on the best authority one instance much worse than that which has been selected to illustrate the evil. A certain *lady* in this city was in the habit of picking a quarrel with her servants within the first month, in order to force them (to use the phrase of our Eastern friends) "to take up their connexions," and thereby avail herself of the common law, which exempted her from paying them. The servants submitted, because submission was easier than redress. Our servants are, for the most part, strangers in the land; they have no powerful friends to interpose

for them, and the aid of the law is expensive and uncertain. But the worst of these abuses is their demoralizing effect upon the weaker and more ignorant party.

Bridget, when she had recovered from her astonishment that such "a childer" should so soon decide and arrange her affairs, poured out the gratitude of her affectionate heart. "It's me and Judy," she said, "will love you, Lucy, to the day of our death, the same as if ye'd been born one of our own people. The Lord Almighty bless ye, child, and give ye a better mistress to mind after than this same. Judy and I will be after finding another place, for I'll serve no longer than I can help one that's no more heart than a hollow potato. The Lord above go with you, my dear!" And blessed and kissed by both Bridget and Judy, Lucy set her face homeward, thinking as she went, "Well, mother was right—we can, if we try hard, overcome evil with good, and we can get people to love us if we make the most of our opportunities!"

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We once heard a friend boast that he had studied, in a very short time, a treatise on anatomy, "But," said he, "I skipped the arteries!" Now, lest the effect of our humble friend Biddy's autobiography should be lost by a similar mode of reading, we would venture to ask whether the right principles and feelings either for employers or employed are in exercise in relation to Irish domestics—they are for the most part persons who are driven forth by stern want and inexorable misfortune from their native land. The abuses of government have left them ignorant, degraded them, and



deprived them of their birthrights as members of the human family. They have been bred in miserable dirty cabins, where they had *no* means of learning the arts of domestic economy. Their faculties have been, for the most part, devoted to evading by every subterfuge the cruelties of oppressive laws. Fortunately for them, their oppressors are not their own people. They are of another blood and another religion, and this circumstance it is that binds the Irish so closely in the ties of nature, and preserves their affections in such freshness and warmth. "God is love," and affection is the sanative principle in his creatures. By addressing this principle, the poorest of our brethren may be redeemed. The Irish come to us with their habits formed. They require knowledge, energy, and patience on the part of their employers. Some of them may be unteachable and irreclaimable; but, for the most part, do they not repay *real* disinterested kindness with fidelity and affection? It is very common to say, "There is no use in trying to teach an Irish person." Is an Irish person less docile than any other who has arrived to maturity in ignorance? We know it requires great virtue, conscientiousness, efficiency, and, above all, patience, on the part of the mistress; but let her think of the missionary who abandons her country to carry light to the distant, and bless God who brings the ignorant to the light of her home, and makes that the field of her *mission*.

## CHAPTER VII.

TO CURE, OR TO ENDURE ?—*THAT IS THE QUESTION.*

“ Rise up, ye women that are at ease ; hear my voice, ye careless daughters ; give ear unto my speech !”—Isaiah xxxii., 9.

SURELY the time will come in this country, where the elements of general prosperity have not been destroyed by the foolish combinations and wicked monopolies of men, when the poor will have less need of the passive virtues, and be sure of a field and certain harvest for the active ones ; when no father, like poor Lee, will, by intemperance or any other vice—for all vice is more or less destructive—prostrate his family in the dust ; when physical, intellectual, and moral education will have raised the level of our race, and brought it to as near an approximation to equality of condition as it is capable of in its present state of existence. One important step to this happy result is in the power of every mistress of a family. She must first enter into the sentiment which was so well expressed by Lord Chesterfield, who, in his last will, in making some bequests to his servants, calls them his “unfortunate friends, his inferiors in nothing but position.”\* When she realizes this,

\* An instance of almost unparalleled magnanimity in the discharge of a duty to one of these “inferiors in position,” occurred

she will make an effort to raise the character of domestic labourers to the position they occupy in a new order of things, and the new relations they sustain among us.

Lucy was received at home with an outbreak of joy that was not calmed till it was found her service was not ended, but only to be transferred to another place ; and, as Mrs. Lee could not afford to lose a day's earnings, it was decided that Lucy should the next morning apply to Mrs. Ardley, who might possibly still want her. Mrs. Lee's objections to the place were overruled by her pressing necessities. Early Monday morning Lucy again set forth, and was most cordially received by Mrs. Ardley. " You have come just in time, my little girl," she said ; " I have had two in your place ; the one went away because the work was too hard ! *Only* six servants in the house, and nothing but odds and ends to do ! But she was a lazy little mortal. The other went—I don't know for what—some bagatelle. She and the cook quarrelled, I believe—cooks are apt to be cross, you know—but you must not mind that—I shut my eyes to their faults if they will only cook my dinner well. Do what she tells you, and don't run to me with complaints. If my servants will get into

here at the time of the horrid shipwreck of the Bristol. A Mr. Donelly, his wife, and children were among the passengers. The small boat was putting off from the ship with a bare possibility that it might return. Mr. Donelly's wife, children, and other relatives were in it. There was still one unoccupied place ; this he insisted on giving to his nursery-maid, saying, " this girl has left her home in my service and protection." She was saved. The boat never returned to the ship. Did not Mr. Donelly do more for the cause of virtue by this last act of his existence than many men achieve in a lifetime ?

hot water, I beg I may not be scalded with it. I wish you to be civil and obliging to everybody. The waiter may impose a little now and then—he will shirk sometimes—but he is so good I let him do as he pleases. Try and please Sophy—she is very good, though a little old maidish—but I never cross her. Mind your p's and q's with the wet-nurse—everybody must with a wet-nurse. Always be ready to run an errand for Mary Minturn—she hates to move off her chair. And always do what Becky tells you—what *she* wants done *must* be done. Be ready to do any little matter for the children, and try to please everybody. There's no hard work, you see—only odds and ends." Lucy had not experience enough to know that to work a little in everybody's field is much harder than to bring to perfection a corner of one. Mrs. Ardley's kindly manner pleased her. "So different," she thought, "from crabbed Mrs. Broadson! so sociable!" Mrs. Ardley's sociability was something like a brimful cup, always running over upon what chanced to be near her; however, to do her justice, she was very kindly disposed, though from the want of judgment and reflection her benevolence, like waste steam, was lost in noisy and useless effusions. Mrs. Ardley was the wife of a rich merchant. She had always lived in affluence. As far as she had thought about the matter, she believed this was the station Providence had allotted her; and she fancied also that there was a certain class born to understand and perform domestic service, while she and all in her category were to enjoy its results. She knew no more of that science which every woman should study, domestic economy, than the

Queen of France knew of political economy, when, being told her people were clamorous for bread, she asked, "Why, if there was no bread, did they not give them cake?" Mrs. Ardley believed, in the honesty of her heart, that when she had hired plenty of servants, paid punctually the highest wages, bestowed handsome presents, fed them not only bountifully, but luxuriously, and never scolded, she had performed the whole active and passive duty of a mistress. In common with many others, she imputed the jars and break-downs of her domestic machinery to the imperfect mechanism of our society. "Everybody had trouble with their servants; of course she must expect it," was the general balm she applied to her domestic wounds.

Lucy one morning was summoned to bring the baby down to show to some visitors, and the little thing being charmed with the furs, feathers, and flowers that decorated the gay guests, Lucy was bidden to remain in the drawing-room, and, retiring to the window, she heard, not inattentively, the following conversation. "Do you keep the nursery-maid you brought with you from Paris, Mrs. Hartell?"

"Dear! yes. I would not part with her on any account. She speaks such pure Parisian French. My next baby, I am resolved, shan't get the bad habits of my other children—it shall speak French first, and French always. I am very fortunate just now; I have a French cook, and a jewel of a French waiter."

"But do not your other servants quarrel with them?" asked Mrs. Ardley; "I had a French cook once, and they made a perfect *inferno* below stairs."

"Oh, n'importe!" replied Mrs. Hartell, shrug-

ging her shoulders, "what signifies an inferno below, if you are in heaven above, as I truly am with French cooking and waiting."

"I am in a higher heaven than any of you," said a Mrs. Stedman, "since I went to board—I live in perfect luxury—nothing in the world to do but get up and enjoy myself."

"Oh, as to that," replied Mrs. Ardley, "I never trouble myself about my domestic concerns; what can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"But can you teach your husband your philosophy? does he not fret when he happens to find you out when he comes home to dinner, and the dinner not ready?"

"Never, dear Mrs. Stedman. My husband is one of the best-tempered men in the world; besides, of course, he knows it's all the servants' fault, and there's no use in scolding them—if you dismiss one set you only get a worse in their place. We long ago made up our minds, that where there was no remedy, it was wisest to submit with a grace."

"There is one remedy, thank Heaven," interposed a Mrs. Linton; "we can break up and go to board, as Mrs. Stedman has done, and as we shall all have to do. I have been trying to persuade Mr. Linton to it for the last year."

"What is his objection?"

"Oh, he says he married to have a home—he got a surfeit of boarding-houses when he was a bachelor, &c., &c., so we shall have to worry on a while longer; but I take special care to let him know all the torment I have. There's nothing like letting these men share the burden, to make them willing to throw it off. So Mary Henry said, and

she never gave her husband any peace till he took her to France."

"Apropos!" interposed Mrs. Ardley, "I had a letter yesterday from Mary Henry. They have had a horrible time of it lately—been robbed by their servants."

"Bless me, how shocking! do they intend remaining abroad?"

"Yes, till the girls are grown. She found her housekeeping interfered too much with their education. She was a Martha, you know, troubled about many things."

"Does she intend establishing her daughters abroad?" asked a Mrs. Hyde, who had till now listened in silence.

"No, indeed! She speaks with horror of the state of society in Paris, and says she would rather bury her daughters than marry them there."

"Then there are worse social evils than the household plagues of America?"

"Dear Mrs. Hyde! how sarcastic!"

"I did not intend a sarcasm. If the evils we suffer are lighter than those that exist in other countries, we should, I think, endure them without complaint; and since they belong to a condition of society in which our lot and our children's is cast, it might be well to try to rectify them."

"Excuse me!" exclaimed Mrs. Stedman, rising to go, "I have washed my hands of the whole concern, and never shall voluntarily resume house-keeping."

"And excuse me!" said Mrs. Linton, seconding her friend's movement, "I have made up my

mind to dismiss the crew and give up the ship!" and laughing, she followed Mrs. Stedman.

"Chacun à son goût! (each one to his taste!)" said Mrs. Hartell; "mine is not in your line, dear Mrs. Hyde!" and she, too, took leave.

"Now they are gone," said Mrs. Ardley, "I must say, that if my husband was as fidgety as Sam Stedman, I would give up housekeeping too—or hang myself." Mrs. Ardley and Mrs. Hyde were old friends, and, in bygone days, schoolmates, though Mrs. Hyde was by a few years the senior; this made it easy for her to adopt the mentor style without any appearance of assumption, a fault to which there were indeed no tendencies in her character. "No, Anne," she replied, "no, you are of too happy a temper to hang yourself in any extremity, and you are too kind to drive others to hanging; so, if your husband had been as fidgety as Sam Stedman, you would have set about making his home comfortable, and not abandoned it."

"But how can a home be made what a fidgety man calls comfortable, with such servants as we have? Now, dear Mrs. Hyde, answer me that," said Mrs. Ardley, with the air of one who had uttered a *poser*.

"By the mistress of the house doing her duty understandingly and thoroughly. We must begin at the foundation, Anne. In this country, where often, in town, we have ignorant and ill-trained domestics, and sometimes in the country none at all, it is an indispensable duty to give our daughters a thorough acquaintance with domestic affairs. It seems to me we educate them for everything else but the actual necessities of their social condition."



“Oh, we may just as well save ourselves that trouble. It don’t depend at all on education; for instance, you and I were brought up as much alike as two girls could be, and you are a pattern housewife, while I make no pretensions that way.” Before detailing the conversation that followed, it will be but just to concede what Mrs. Hyde’s modesty did not permit her to allow, that she was, in clearness of mind and force of character, greatly Mrs. Ardley’s superior. Other things being equal, the woman of the highest mental endowments will always be the best housekeeper, for housewifery, domestic economy, is a science that brings into action the qualities of the mind as well as the graces of the heart. A quick perception, judgment, discrimination, decision, and order are high attributes of mind, and are all in daily exercise in the well-ordering of a family. If a “sensible woman,” an “intellectual woman,” a “woman of genius,” is *not* a good housewife, it is not because she is all or either of these, but because there is some deficiency in her character, or some omission of duty which should make her very humble, instead of her indulging any secret self-complacency on account of a certain superiority, which only aggravates her fault. Many women of very inferior character make very comfortable housewives, but why? they give their whole power to a single object. All the rays of a feeble lamp thrown on one point will produce a considerable illumination.

“You say, Anne,” replied Mrs. Hyde, “that you and I were ‘brought up as much alike as two girls could be,’ and so we were. We went to the same schools, pursued the same studies, and re-

ceived the same accomplishments. Great pains were taken to make us attractive in a drawing-room and amiable in our domestic relations. But, as to the actual business of life, we were as little trained for it as if we had been born in the royal family of Persia, instead of being American girls, who, whatever their fortune and condition are, will be sure, in the progress of life, to be placed in situations that call all their faculties into requisition."

"Oh! some are and some are not."

"All—all, Anne. The women of this country, of every grade, are independent, self-directing beings. The employers have certain untransferable duties and the employed certain unquestionable rights."

"Do you mean mistresses and servants by *employers* and *employed*?"

"Yes."

"That is too absurd for such a sensible woman as you, Sara. You got that flummery living up in the country."

"Perhaps I did get it sooner there than I otherwise should. How can a person who contracts to perform a certain labour under your roof, who makes her own stipulations, and may leave you with impunity at any moment, any more be called your servant, in the *old sense*, than the builder who builds your house, or the engineer who constructs your roads?"

"How can they? Why they always have been called servants—my servants do the same work my grandmother's did, who were slaves—the same work that servants do in other countries."

"Yes, but is not their condition changed, and

does not that change the relation? Rely upon it, we make a fatal mistake, not so much in retaining old terms as in not fitting ourselves for the new relation—”

“But stay, Sara, don’t you call your servants servants?”

“No, I call them domestics.”

“Heaven be praised! I expected you would say *help*, which is quite too countrified, too like mechanics’ wives. But, honestly, don’t you think servant sounds more natural, and is the more convenient name?”

“Yes; but I think the wishes of those who bear the name should be consulted, and we all know that servant is so disagreeable to them, especially to the best among them, that it requires some courage and a little hard-heartedness to use it in their presence.”

“But is not much of this rank pride, Sara? Are they not discontented with their subordinate condition, and ought they not to learn that a person may be as truly respectable in one grade as another?”

“Undoubtedly this would be a most valuable lesson learned; but, since the world began, moralists have been teaching, in some form or other, that

“Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies,”

and yet how few have learned it. In our own country, the apostle’s rule is reversed; and ‘in whatsoever condition you are, *not* to be therewith content,’ is the general experience. If, therefore, all are trying to *appear*, if not to *be* something better than they are, we ought not to be surprised at man-

ifestations of this spirit in the most ignorant class, in those who, for the most part, have had fewest opportunities for moral progress. The truth is, we are in a *transition state*; the duties of which, as it seems to me, are imperfectly understood; and as to the names, he would be a benefactor who should introduce those satisfactory to all parties."

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Ardley hemmed as if something - "stuck i' the throat;" making an effort, she said, "I confess, Sara, to hear you talk only, I should think you the most absurd woman in the world; but then it's true, that in spite of your theories, you do get on wonderfully with your enormous family; but you always have the luck of having such good servants! you are almost the only one of my acquaintance I never hear complaining. You must have a wonderful knack! how have you acquired it? When you were married, you knew no more of housekeeping than I did."

"No one could know less than I did, Anne—but my circumstances since have been more favourable to my improvement than yours. The first three or four years of my marriage were imbittered by my ignorance of domestic concerns. My husband, as you know, is most kind-tempered and considerate, but I saw him perpetually annoyed with the consequences of my ignorance and inefficiency. I was never indifferent to my household duties. I felt my deficiencies and failures, and was perpetually made uncomfortable by them. Still I tried to persuade myself, as everybody else does, that it was my servants' business to understand their work. No one dares nowadays scold a servant;

but I remonstrated with them, I changed them, I echoed the complaints I heard on every side, and I verily believed housekeeping the bitterest curse of a woman's existence. My three eldest girls were born within the four first years of my marriage. My cares, of course, multiplied rapidly, and made me all but miserable. My husband was most indulgent. He forbore inviting his friends to his house, because I had, upon two or three occasions, been mortified and made unhappy by dinners ill-served to our friends. We could not afford to hire extra servants, and I had not yet learned to supply my people's ignorance by my own knowledge, and to provide against their shiftlessness by my own foresight. So all the advantages and pleasures of hospitality were foregone."

"I am sure, Sara, I remember your giving parties."

"Yes—one, perhaps two, I did give, because we must keep our place in society, and this was the easiest contribution I could pay. You can hire skilful people, you know, for such occasions, and get through them without feeling disgraced—disgraced, Anne, I confess I did in my secret soul feel, for I was conscious that my miseries arose, for the most part, from my own defects. I look back, even now, with bitter regret to the social duties that my ignorance, my utter incompetency compelled me to forego."

"Dear Sara, that is superfluous misery, I am sure—who ever did perform so many social duties? I have often wondered how you, with your ten children, could think of taking your two nephews into your family, and that little sickly orphan girl."

"Ah, Anne, we cannot make one duty performed a substitute for one omitted."

"Dear me! then you may as well omit them altogether, as I do. But, pray tell me when this new light dawned upon your affairs? Perhaps it was a northern light, up in that barbarous country you removed to?"

"You are right; it was. My husband's affairs compelled us to remove to the St. Lawrence. My nurse was the only person that I could, for love or money, persuade to go with me. Love was her motive. Love, not only for the children, but for us; for before this time I had got on a little in my domestic self-education, and had learned to treat Clara Lane as my friend."

"Bless me! did mammy live with you so long ago?"

"Yes; she it was who taught me not only to appreciate the virtue, but to estimate the power, and respect the dignity of a domestic labourer. Are you not tired, Anne?"

"Dear! no—pray tell me how you got on in that wilderness."

"At first, badly enough. When we were within six miles of our home, Ella was taken ill. We stopped at a log-hut; she was too ill to proceed. There was but one bed that the people could, for any consideration, spare. I wished to remain with my sick child, but the mistress of the hut said 'No, unless I could cook my own victuals, make the child's porridge, and do my own waiting on—the nurse was welcome to stay, but folks warn't plenty enough up there to run after ladies!'"

"What a brute!"

“Not at all. It was the plain truth coarsely told. Oh, how much I would then have given for mammy’s faculties—my *servants*’, Anne! There was no alternative, and I was obliged to go on, with the consciousness that I should be as useless in my own home as at the log-hut. However, I had health and unimpaired strength, and the cheerfulness they generate. I was beginning to profit by the lessons of necessity, ‘our sternest teacher and our best!’ There were no domestic labourers to be obtained. I cannot describe to you my woful condition, nor my family’s, when we were first reduced to depending on my culinary skill. Oh, how I broiled over my first beefsteak; dropped it in the ashes, and blistered my fingers, my poor husband standing by the while sympathizing and laughing; my potatoes I served as hard as they were dug out of the earth! The first day we borrowed bread from my husband’s farmer, our only neighbour; the next, mammy not coming, I was compelled to make some. I was ashamed to ask directions of our neighbour Mrs. Stone; I thought it must be a simple operation, and I knew, as I supposed, the materials of which it was composed. I kneaded and baked it, after calling my husband from important business to heat and clear my oven. Anne, you would have pitied my consternation if you had seen me when I drew the bread from the oven. It was as solid and as heavy as a brickbat. I cried, my husband laughed, his patience was inexhaustible; I then laughed too, threw away my bread, tied my right arm in a sling, sent for Mrs. Stone, and said, ‘You see my condition—will you mix some bread for me?’ She set about it with alacrity; I watched

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every step of the process, and found I had omitted the yeast in my composition! I went a little further in my artifice, for I was in a position to be as much ashamed of my ignorance of the domestic arts as a professed amateur would be if found at fault in the fine arts. Good Mrs. Stone vaunted her *emptyings*, as the country folk call yeast; she 'always,' she said, 'calculated to have *lively* emptyings.' 'So do I, ma'am,' said I, 'but I should like to know how you make yours.' 'Oh, I make them like other people, I guess, but some always have better luck than others!' I was determined to secure her *luck*, if possible, and so I said, 'I should like to know exactly how she made hers—perhaps her way was different from our city way.' I shall never forget her reply, for it was my first introduction to the indefiniteness of unwritten receipts. 'I hang on my kettle of water,' she said, 'throw in some hops and potatoes according to my judgment, and when they have boiled long enough, I strain the liquor into some rye flour, if I have it, and put *lively* emptyings to it!' Here, as you perceive, was neither time nor quantity; but, by means of a cross-examination which would not have disgraced a lawyer, I elicited the necessary information; and when on my next baking-day I presented my first fair, light loaf to my husband, I was a proud and happy woman!"

"Oh, I have always thought," said Mrs. Ardley, "if I lived in the country, I should like to attend to domestic concerns—there is nothing else there, you know, to occupy you."

Mrs. Hyde smiled. She thought of the rational and elegant pursuits that had occupied her in the



country, but she did not advert to them. As all preachers should do who hope to produce an effect by a single discourse, she confined herself to one topic. "Yes, Anne," she said, "I soon began to find pleasure in my domestic concerns. I was often compelled to be an actual operator, for in a new country labour is too precious to be bought with money; but I was every day learning, and in no department is the acquisition of knowledge more certainly power than in this. Mountains were soon levelled down to molehills. Labours that, at first, exacted all my time, strength, and thoughts, became easy by repetition; and I had not resided six months at Hydedale before I was able to despatch my household business within the two hours prescribed by Madame Roland."

"Madame Roland!—the celebrated Madame Roland? for pity's sake, what had she to do with household business?"

"She administered family affairs with a very small income, and she was at the head of an immense establishment, and in both positions she says her domestic duties were comprised within two hours."\*

"Dear! yes, with French servants; but, if I understand you, you had not even American servants."

"You forget. Mammy was always with me; and when I could get no one else, she insisted on

\* Madame Roland says of herself, "The same child who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, who could handle the crayon and the graver, and who at eight years of age was the best dancer at youthful parties, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, and skim the pot!" We have known a few Yankee girls who might make a similar boast.

relieving me from the roughest of the work, though she had only contracted for the duties of nurse. But she was my friend—my *help* in all things, and I treated her accordingly. If she had been treated as many ladies think it necessary to treat their domestics, she would not have stayed with me a month; and why should she? The money we paid her could have been far more easily earned elsewhere; but our gratitude and our affection were made weights against which no scale would have preponderated, though heaped with gold. I remember a circumstance which mammy certainly never will forget, that occurred one day when we had some New-York friends with us. Sabina Rayson was one of them. I was baking a pudding, and my dish was nearly as large as my bakepan; in that case, you know—no, you do not know—for I suppose, Anne, you never baked a pudding in your life.”

“Bless you, no—and I trust I never shall.”

“Well, if you ever had, you would understand the dilemma I was in. I could not take out my pudding without risking the burning of my fingers. Sabina passed through my kitchen just as I was worrying over it. Mammy stood by, looking on. Sabina stopped to watch my progress, and exclaimed involuntarily, ‘Why do you plague yourself with that, Sara? Why don’t you let mammy burn her fingers?’ Now, you know, Sabina has both sense and kindness; but she had always looked upon domestics as half the world do, as persons created expressly to minister to our pleasure, *to burn their fingers for us*; and when I replied, ‘If anybody, Sabina, is to burn her fingers with the pudding that my friends and I are to eat,

it should be me, and not mammy,' she said, 'Well, you are the oddest woman!' and retreated to the parlour to laugh at my *peculiarities*."

"I do not wonder it struck Sabina as strange—but in the situation you were in—so dependant on mammy—you were quite right."

"I should have been right in any situation, my dear Anne. Sabina's exclamation is a most apt illustration of the abuses of nine tenths of the world of this relation. It has passed into a proverb with me, and scarcely a day goes by that I am not reminded of those unlucky words, '*Why don't you let mammy burn her fingers?*'"

Mrs. Ardley did not quite admit her friend's inferences, but she was entertained with her facts. "Had you no one but mammy," she asked, "all the time you lived at Hydedale?"

"Yes, occasional services I could always procure; for though, as I told you, money would not buy labour, yet our farmers' girls said, 'Mr. and Mrs. Hyde had such friendly ways that they loved to work for them,' and mammy, always a favourite, was a sort of decoy bird to them. You may have seen my seamstress Paulina."

"The nice girl you told me made the children's dresses?"

"The same. She was a poor child whom I took, in country phrase, 'to bring up.' A treasure she has proved. She is now so accomplished that she can earn more than I can afford to pay her, and she is about leaving me to go as a *first hand* to a dressmaker."

"Then you do meet with ingratitude as well as the rest of the world?"

"I have, certainly, no ingratitude to complain of from Paulina. I have had hard work to persuade her to leave me, and she consents only on condition that I permit her to return if she *cannot* learn to content herself away from us."\*

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Ardley, whom the common way of looking at such subjects seemed to have rendered incapable of seeing them in Mrs. Hyde's point of view, "what a pity she did not keep to plain sewing—could you not prevent her learning dressmaking."

"Certainly. But a poor girl has it hard enough getting her living by her needle at the most profitable work; so I made her avail herself of every opportunity of learning of my dressmaker."

"Do you never consider yourself?"

"Yes, Anne, most effectively. I most certainly benefit myself by promoting the improvement of those under my care. I have often wondered that housekeepers in the country do not more frequently secure *help* by taking children 'to bring up.' *Young* children may always be obtained; and care and kindness, while they are too young to render much service, is amply paid afterward. A child taken from a vicious family, or from a shiftless, ignorant, or overburdened mother, may thus be saved not only as far as concerns the self-preserving virtues that are brought into action in this world, but, reaping the fruits of a moral and religious education, she may be saved in a higher sense. In getting new domestics I prefer young

\* We have known Mrs. Hyde's principle acted on, where the disinterestedness and the sacrifice were much greater than in her case.

ones—young subjects can be remoulded and taught. You can inspire them with confidence, and make them zealous fellow-workers with you in their own improvement. Those who have come to years of maturity, especially foreigners, have minds so stunted, and such inveterate bad habits, that it is very difficult to make them comfortable members of a little family community, regulated upon principles of reciprocal affection and confidence."

"But, dear Sara, what a task must all this teaching be!"

"And what a harvest, Anne! Depend upon it, my dear friend, there is no happiness like that of energetically employing our faculties to achieve some good end?"

"Yes, you are very right; but then the object must be worth the exertion. Now, to confess the truth to you—do not be offended, Sara—I do not mean to apply it to you—you are so superior to most women, that it is different with you—but in general, I mean, it does appear to me very vulgar for ladies to—to—to work—sweep a room, for instance—roast a turkey! horrible!"

"There will seldom be occasion for a lady to perform drudgery herself who thoroughly understands it, for this very knowledge will enable her to direct the services of others. But I would have every girl practice enough to be able to help herself in the emergencies that are constantly occurring, and to teach the ignorant, whose ignorance, mark, if she cannot enlighten, she must endure. A woman may employ a vast deal of talent in the administration of her family affairs. I think it was Paulus Emilius who said it required as much ge-

nus to order an entertainment as to draw up an army. And, Anne, if our young ladies want the example of heroines to redeem domestic offices from their vulgarity, to *idealize* the housewife—let them remember Andromache, and Desdemona, and sundry others. For a champion to my cause, there is the old Roman Cato, who, Plutarch tells us, was followed to the wars by only one servant; and when this servant was weary, Cato would cook the dinner—‘roast a turkey,’ perchance—if he could get one. Seriously, my dear Anne, do not let us consider any occupation so vulgar as indolence and inanity. How many lives are consumed in utter frivolity! A little light reading, a little needlework, a little shopping, visiting, dressing, and undressing, and so day after day passes away. You and I, Anne, know a great many who perform well their domestic duties without their interfering with what are called higher pursuits. But I do not know how there can well be a higher pursuit than the improvement and happiness of those who are placed by Providence in those little primary schools, over which we, in virtue of our characters as mothers and mistresses, preside. Let us try to train our girls, for this their happiest sphere—to prepare them to be the ministers of Providence to the more ignorant children of the human family.”

Mrs. Hyde was interrupted from an unexpected quarter. Lucy Lee had, unobserved, listened; during the last sentences she had drawn nearer and nearer, and now she involuntarily exclaimed, “How like mother she does talk!”

“A compliment!” cried Mrs. Ardley, laughing, and she bade Lucy take the baby up stairs.

The simplicity of the girl pleased Mrs. Hyde, and her sweet countenance was stamped on her memory. "It is fortunate for you, Anne," she said, "that my harangue was interrupted; when we mount our hobbies, we are apt to jade our friends. The truth is, I often think reflection would bring others to the result to which necessity brought me."

"It may be, Sara. You have certainly given me some new ideas. I have heretofore thought only of enduring the evil, never of curing it."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### REFORM.

MRS. ARDLEY the very next morning set about "reforming altogether" her household. Like that of many fresh converts, her zeal was employed on the faults of others rather than her own. "I am resolved," she said to Sophy, "to speak to Ferris about her drinking—she is getting too bad!"

"I have long thought so, Mrs. Ardley; and really, since she set the bed a-fire, I am afraid she will burn herself up, and poor little Lucy too—her month is up next week."

"She is a capital cook—what nice made-dishes she gets up!"

Without heeding Mrs. Ardley's interjection, Sophy proceeded. "I heard Mary Minturn" (Mary was the seamstress) "say that her health was failing so

sitting at the needle, that she would be thankful for the cook's place if she could suit you."

"Oh, she could not, possibly. What does she know about cooking?"

"She has cooked in a gentleman's family. To be sure it was a small one; but she says, if you would be patient with her for the first month, she could learn—she is very handy at learning, you know, Mrs. Ardley—Mary Minturn is—she says she likes cooking, and it agrees with her—and she is dying by inches now."

"She is out of the question, Sophy—I must have a thoroughbred cook, that can do everything without direction—you know Mr. Ardley and I are both particular about the table. There's one good thing, Ferris never get's fuddled till after her work is done; and if you, Sophy, would just look in her room after she goes to bed."

"I can't undertake that, Mrs. Ardley; I have quite enough to do without sitting up to look after Ferris," replied Sophy, who, in the main, was a very good-tempered girl, though now ruffled by the ill success of her proposition in behalf of her friend.

"I think you are very disobliging, Sophy," rejoined Mrs. Ardley, intent on rectifying wrong on the right hand and on the left. "I have been quite too indulgent. You are all getting spoiled, and I really must require you to comply with my wishes."

"It's *not* my work to look after the cook."

"You all know what is *not* your work, though you seldom know what *is*." Sophy flung out of the room without replying, and in the course of the day announced to Mrs. Ardley, that as Mary Minturn had determined to go when her month was up,



she should go too ! Sophy was too valuable a domestic to lose without an effort. "Really, Sophy," replied Mrs. Ardley, kindly, "it is foolish of you to go on account of the few words we had this morning."

"It is not altogether that, Mrs. Ardley," replied Sophy, softened ; "but, when Mary Minturn goes, I shall sleep alone ; and you know, when there were two of us, we never liked David's having to pass through our room to get to his."

"Oh, I understand now—but indeed, Sophy, it is too absurd and old maidish ! Such a respectable man as David !"

"I know that, Mrs. Ardley—and that is why we have submitted to it so long—but I do not think it will be suitable when I am alone. You ladies are fenced and guarded on every side ; poor folks must take care of themselves."

"Well, Sophy, I thought you was one that was above changing for every trifle."

"I have borne a good many disagreeable trifles for two years rather than change, Mrs. Ardley ; but my mind is made up now."

Had Mrs. Ardley thought it worth while any time within the preceding two years to have had a door cut from David's room to the passage-way (an improvement that would not have been deferred a day, if females of her own grade had occupied Sophy's department), she would have attached Sophy by an attention that expressed respect, and would probably have secured her valuable services.\* Not

\* We once heard a gentleman say that he had for the first time received from Mr. Gallatin the idea that good servants might be secured by a due attention to their convenience and

warned by her ill success, she proceeded in her work of reform. "Ferris," she said, when Ferris came to take the bill of fare for dinner, "Ferris, I feel it to be my duty to speak to you about your habits."

Ferris was by birth an Englishwoman, and she retained somewhat of the deferential un-American manners of her early years.

"Thank you, madam," she replied; "and in what don't my habits suit, madam?"

"You know, of course, what I mean, Ferris."

"Indeed, Mrs. Ardley, I am as ignorant as the babe unborn."

"Then, candidly, Ferris, I tell you I fear you drink too much."

"Indeed, Mrs. Ardley, there's been a foul tongue between us. I am not in the least fond of drink."

"Do you not drink spirits every day, Ferris?"

"Indeed, madam, I tell you the living truth—I just take the weakest of weakly toddy, to take off the 'fect of the dinner-steam, for medicine like. But as to drinking, there's not the woman soberer than I in the city."

Mrs. Ardley smiled at the hardihood of this assertion; but she thought it most politic not to express in direct terms her incredulity, so she said, good-humouredly, "I hope you will persevere in sober habits, Ferris, for intemperance is very foolish and very wicked. And pray, Ferris, don't burn another bedspread!"

"Did ye think it was me, Mrs. Ardley, and just

happiness. We trust that gentleman will pardon us for availing ourselves of the authority of his name in support of a favourite theory.

because I would not tell on that child—you know Lucy is like mad for a book.”

“I have observed she is fond of reading.”

“That’s what I call a *habit* in a servant; but, poor thing, she’s young. And when she went to sleep and left the candle burning, and waked in a fright just as I came in to bed, maybe she did not just know who did it.”

“Well, Ferris, we’ll see she does not burn a light after she goes to bed—so, if anything happens again, you know you must bear the blame.” Ferris learned her own importance by seeing that her mistress was willing to appear duped, and Mrs. Ardley stifled the reproaches of conscience for tolerating drunkenness, and its consequent lying and injustice, by saying, “I have *spoken* to her—what can I do more?”

*Are not the virtues and vices of domestics too often requited, not in proportion to their desert, but according to their effect on the convenience of their employers?*

Mrs. Ardley was under a strong impulse, and she proceeded in that most delicate of all operations—reform. “Mary Minturn,” she said, “I perceive that you are getting uneasy, like all the girls.”

Mary Minturn was suffering from debility and loss of spirits, the almost certain consequence of too close a confinement to a sedentary employment. She burst into tears. “Don’t be troubled, Mary; I did not mean to reproach you,” resumed Mrs. Ardley; “servants are always fancying they shall like some other work better than that they are doing—it’s the old story; each one is eager to lay down his particular burden, and glad enough to take it

up again ; I was not the least offended ; if you had seriously proposed going away, I should, to be sure, have thought you very absurd and ungrateful."

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Ardley, I am not ungrateful—but—"

"But what ? Surely you do not in earnest mean to leave me?"

"I must, ma'am. The doctor says I am getting a liver complaint, and I can never be cured if I don't take to some stirring work."

"Pshaw, Mary, how absurd ! You have been to some goose of a doctor. It is a great deal harder to do 'stirring work,' as you call it, than to sit at your needle. I will speak to Doctor Smith about you. You know I have always told you that you might have our own physician free of expense."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I am sure my own doctor is right. He says he will not impose medicine on me ; it will only make the matter worse, and I feel what he says to be true."

"And you really mean to leave me ?"

"I must, Mrs. Ardley."

"Well, you must do as you think fit, but I doubt if you find a better place."

Mary was silent ; her tears still flowed ; there was something like a taunt in Mrs. Ardley's words, and still more in her manner, which repressed the expression of the gratitude Mary deeply felt for all the indulgences and kindness she had received at Mrs. Ardley's hand ; and the lady left her with the conviction that, as she soon after said to a friend, "Mary Minturn was just like all other servant-girls ; let Sara Hyde say what she will, they are an ungrateful pack. Mr. Ardley and I have made Mary

Minturn presents upon presents. I have never counted her lost days, and I have never spoken a harsh word to her, and now she is going away when she knows how important she is to me, just because some absurd doctor has put it into her head that sewing don't agree with her!"

If Mrs. Ardley had understood the first principles of physiology, and she was perfectly capable of comprehending them, and if she had felt the duties of her station, and applied these principles to the persons cast upon her care, Mary Minturn would not have lost her health, and they might have continued to the end of their lives to live together with reciprocal benefit, instead of parting with smothered reproaches on the one side for slighted favours, and smothered gratitude on the other for the exercise of virtues that, after all, were merely virtues of constitution.

After one or two other abortive attempts at reform, Mrs. Ardley reverted to her old mode of sailing with the current, and letting things take their own way, "Convinced," she said, "there was no use in trying to have matters too perfect."

Our conclusion is, that old abuses in families, as in states, are not of sudden or easy reform,

## CHAPTER IX.

## BONA FIDE.

"LUCY LEE," said Ferris, "you know you have the dishes to do to-day; it's my Sunday out."

"But I did not have my Sunday out last Sunday, you know, Mrs. Ferris."

"That was not my fault."

"Nor was it mine," said Lucy, who had the strongest motive for maintaining her rights. "Sophy wanted to go out, and Mrs. Ardley said if I would stay and amuse the children I should go home to-day." And Lucy had well earned the performance of the promise, for Mrs. Ardley said she "had never known the children so quiet—she and Mr. Ardley had both got their Sunday's nap without once hearing them." The secret of this was, that Lucy, finding it sorely against her conscience to pass the sacred day in picking up ninepins and dressing dolls, had kept the children still, and most happy too, by telling them Sunday stories she had heard from her mother. Ferris left the kitchen for a few moments, and presently the bell rung twice, the summons for Lucy. "Lucy, I am sorry to disappoint you," said Mrs. Ardley, "but I entirely forgot it was Ferris's Sunday out."

"Can't I set the dishes aside, ma'am, and wash them when I come home?"

"No, Lucy. Nothing puts Ferris out so much

as that—you know we must mind our p's and q's with Ferris—don't look so dismal, child—it's only waiting till to-morrow."

"Jemmie will think it's for ever waiting till to-morrow."

"Jemmie! Oh, that little broken-back brother you told me about—never mind; I'll give you some of the children's old playthings to carry to him to-morrow."

"He is not fond of playthings, Mrs. Ardley, he can't play with them."

"Well, books, then—picture books."

Lucy's face brightened. She had often thought how happy it would make Jemmie to possess a few of the books the children were tossing about the nursery. "Thank you, Mrs. Ardley," she said, "nothing would please Jemmie so much; it will make the time seem shorter when I am away;" and half consoled, and but half, she returned to the kitchen, where Ferris greeted her with, "You'll find, Miss Lucy Lee, you'll never get the upper hands of me; so you may as well give up first as last telling about burnt spreads, or trying to keep me at home when my turn is out."

"I did not try to keep you at home, Mrs. Ferris, I only tried to go myself; and if you knew how much reason I had, you would not wonder."

Her mild answer softened Ferris, and she said, "Well, well, child, your turn will come—young folks must give way, you know."

Lucy, after "doing up her odds and ends," went to bed and went to sleep, for sleep is the certain compensation, the sure wages of the working; but not till she had wondered whether mother looked

as pale as when she had last saw her, and whether Jemmie had felt very bad about her not coming home !

"There's tears on her cheek, and she sleeping !" said Ferris, as she got into bed that night. "They sting me. God forgive me !"

The next morning Lucy seized a favourable moment to ask Mrs. Ardley to select the books. "Oh, there's no hurry, child," said Mrs. Ardley ; "I can't possibly spare you to go home to-day. It's Monday, you know, and we are to have company to dinner, and—" Mrs. Ardley was interrupted by a request from David that Lucy might help him with the breakfast things ; this was followed by a message from Ferris asking Lucy's aid. "You see how it is," resumed Mrs. Ardley, after giving an affirmative to both applications, "you must wait till to-morrow—come, don't look like all the woes ! I'll get your books ready now, so there will be nothing to detain you when the time comes." This she immediately did, and in the indulgence of her good-nature quite forgot the virtue that was appropriate to the occasion. Sore as Lucy's disappointment was, that boasted specific for happiness, having a little more to do than she could do, shortened the twenty-four hours which followed. "Now, Mrs. Ferris," she said, "I am going. I have finished all you told me to do."

"Finished ! you have not brought down the things for the pudding ?"

"Yes."

"But you have not beaten the eggs ?"

"Yes, and ground the spice, and the coffee, and



dusted the dresser, and cleaned the celery, and taken the pin-feathers out of the ducks."

"Lucy!" called David from the top of the stairs, "just rub over the table-spoons and silver forks for me—that's you, Lucy." Poor, Lucy with a sigh, proceeded to the task. Before it was done Mary's bell rung, and Lucy had to run to the thread and needle store for something the seamstress must have. On her return she met Sophy—"Oh, Lucy!" she said, "you must put Mrs. Ardley's room up—she has sent me to the dressmaker's." "Lucy!" called out from the upper entry Miss Anne, "just come and sew on my shoestrings for me; Mary Minturn is busy." "Lucy!" screamed Master Will Ardley, "ask David for my boots, and bring them up." "Lucy!" piped a little urchin from the nursery door, "mamma says you may come and set up the soldiers I shoot down." "No, no, Lucy!" cried in the same breath Belle Ardley, "mamma says you may iron my doll's frock first!" Lucy, secretly resolving that if she ever enlisted in another service, it should not be for "odds and ends," patiently threaded her way through, and then presented herself, cloaked and hooded, to Mrs. Ardley, and asked not "if she might go," but "how long she might stay." "Oh, Lucy, child—I am really sorry! I forgot to tell you that you cannot possibly go to-day. Wilson" (Wilson was the wet-nurse) "says she *must* go out—and you know it is as much as my life is worth to refuse Wilson."

"But cannot Mrs. Wilson come home in time for me?"

"No—she will not be in till after dinner, and then it will be too late for you—quite dark."

"Oh, Mrs. Ardley! won't Miss Anne mind the baby just while I run home and see how they all are, and tell Jemmie why I can't come?"

"No, Miss Anne cannot; she is just going to her dancing lesson."

Lucy was silent for a moment. It seemed impossible to her to give up, and she ventured upon rather a daring request. "Mrs. Ardley," she asked, tremulously, "won't you be so good as to take care of the baby yourself—I'll be as quick as possible."

"Lucy, you are going a little too far. Everybody that lives with me, old and young, presumes upon my indulgence. You know, child, I am just dressing to pay visits."

"Oh, Mrs. Ardley, if you could once see our poor Jemmie, you would not wonder that I could ask for dancing or visits to be given up."

"It may be, child; but still you should recollect what is proper and what is not. I really would not disappoint you if I could well help it."

Lucy turned away to hide the tears she could not repress. The younger children, who had been listeners and spectators, now, from the kind instincts of their nature, pressed round their mother to urge Lucy's suit. Mrs. Ardley, probably from an uncomfortable consciousness of the wrong she was inflicting, was unjust, and much less good-humoured than usual. "Be quiet, children," she said, "I must be more firm with the whole of you. Don't tease me any more about this business of going home, Lucy—it's always inconvenient in the week to spare you. To-morrow Sophy and Mary Min-turn leave me, and my new women are coming;

Friday the baby is to be christened, and Saturday is always a busy day—so you must wait till Sunday comes, and say no more about it.”

It is said, the worm will turn if you do tread on it. Lucy had nothing of the reptile in her nature, but she did turn, and said in a voice that should have penetrated the lady’s conscience, “You *promised*, you *promised*, Mrs. Ardley !”

“Hush, child—go and lay away your cloak and hood.”

“But you did promise her, mother,” said one of the children, “and you always tell us we ought to keep our promises.”

“Certainly you ought, and so I always do unless I have very good reasons for breaking them.”

Half an hour afterward Alice Ardley asked her sister Belle where the basket was she promised to give her. “I have concluded to keep it myself,” replied Belle ; “I want it very much to keep my doll’s hat in.”

“But you promised to give it to me.”

“So I did ; but mamma says we may always break our promises if we have good reasons for it.”

A natural application, and not a very forced version of the mother’s ethics.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE VISIT HOME.

LUCY's joy may be imagined when the most blessed day of all the week came. One of the uses of this day is, that it reminds the careless of their duties ; and Mrs. Ardley's conscience being quickened by its ministry, she told Lucy she might stay all day, and moreover ordered a basket to be filled with tea, sugar, and other luxuries, for Lucy's "sick father, and," she added, with a smile, "for that little Jemmie that Lucy made such a wonderful fuss about." Mrs. Ardley was never deficient in that species of generosity manifested in giving. Lucy found matters not improved at home. Her father was still declining, her mother toiling beyond her strength, and Jemmie as sad as ever at her absence. "Oh, Lucy!" he said, holding her fast down to his bosom, "seeing you is just like the seeing the sun shine into the window—no, no, a great deal better than anything that only makes us feel good outside!" Lucy was, indeed, a moral sunshine to this humble home.

She spread on the stand at her father's bedside some of the delicacies from her basket. She selected a book for Martha, and another for Anne, and set the rest in a row at the foot of Jemmie's cradle. Never did a fanatical bibliopolist survey his acquisitions with keener pleasure ; and when she saw him,

in spite of her presence, forget her and himself in that most captivating of all juvenile classics, Robinson Crusoe, she drew her chair up to her mother, and they communicated reciprocally their little affairs, both generously softening or omitting what was most painful. In answer to Lucy's question, "Are you ever troubled now, mother, to get the bread money?" Mrs. Lee answered, "Now and then; but Charlie Lovett leaves the loaf the same when I have not as when I have the money. Oh, Lucy, I have not told you his mother has been to see me. She was very kind. She looks like Charlie; the same open, benevolent expression. She brought cookeys to the children, and told me her husband would watch with your father. How pleasant it was to hear a friendly voice once more! She asked about you, Lucy."

"About me, mother?"

"Yes. It seems Charlie had told her about you. She said if she had known you wanted a place, she would have taken you."

"Would she! Oh, how I should like to live with Charlie's mother."

"On some accounts I should wish to have you there; but, as she keeps but one domestic, there might be too heavy work for you—and you really seem to be very well off with Mrs. Ardley. You complain of nothing but your disappointment in not coming home at the promised time?"

"No, mother—no," said Lucy, persevering in her resolve not to disturb her mother with her little grievances, and really feeling them to be very small while she looked at her, gently submitting to a tide of troubles, and resisting where she could

overcome by resistance. If we all felt other's burdens more, we should feel our own less. "Well, my child," resumed her mother, "go on where you are—get and do all the good you can, and always remember we are sent into the field to be sowers as well as reapers. If anything serious occurs, let me know it. I would not have you submit to anything that should impair your self-respect, or ever forget that you can only forfeit your independence by misconduct." Their conversation was broken off by the return of the girls from Sunday-school. Overjoyed they were to find Lucy, and not a little pleased that they had brought from their teacher extraordinary commendations of their well-learned lessons. "I wonder, mother," said Lucy, "what Mrs. Ardley would say to your finding time to see to the girl's lessons, when, with six of us to do her work, I heard her say to a lady 'she did not know what her children were studying—she had not time!' Only think, mother!"

"There are many occupations that fritter away the time of the rich, which those who must be devoted to necessary labour know nothing about. It is difficult for them to bring anything to pass."

"But, mother, could not they if they had a mind to?" asked little Martha.

"Certainly, my child; and those do who try hard. But, my children, don't trouble yourselves about what others do or do not do—our consciences are given us to watch over our own conduct, not other people's. Come, girls, set the table. Our dinner is done."

"Dinner, mother! Are we to have a *real* dinner?"

"Yes; I had two shillings over last night, so I went late to market, that we might have a little treat to-day, as Lucy was to be with us. You will see what a nice dinner can be got for two shillings."

"And shall I sit in your lap just as I used to, Lucy?" asked little Jemmie.

"Yes, indeed you shall." The humble meal was soon served, and most savoury did the joint of mutton, which had been all day stewing with vegetables, taste to the hungry little family. "Dear Jemmie," said Lucy to her brother, whose hunger had not the keenness of the other children, "I am afraid your appetite is failing."

"Oh, no, Lucy!" he said, clasping his arm around her neck, "but this is dinner enough for me."

"Ah!" muttered Lee, looking half enviously at the girls devouring a bit of Mrs. Ardley's tart, too rich for him, "ah, girls, but pie is pie for all—isn't it?"

"Yes, father," said Lucy, "pie is pie, and *nothing else*; but parents, and sisters, and brothers are *everything*." The poor are not poor while they can thus raise the minds of their children above mere animal gratification, to a comprehension of the true riches of affection—the pure happiness of home.

## K

## CHAPTER XI.

## ALL GOES WRONG.

"I NEVER was so tormented before," said Mrs. Ardley to her husband.

"What now, my dear?"

"My new seamstress plagues me so! From morning to night she is coming to me with, 'Please to show me how you wish this done, Mrs. Ardley,' and 'would you be so good as just to fix this for me, Mrs. Ardley?'"

"If she don't suit you, why not get another?"

"She does suit in some respects—she is quick and very neat—she only does not understand fitting."

"Can't you teach her?"

"Ardley, how absurd! I might as well turn seamstress at once—I sha'n't worry my life out about it; if she don't get on I shall look out for somebody else—change is the order of the day."

"How does the girl in Sophy's place make out?"

"So so. She is a first-rate worker, but she annoys me so!"

"In what way?"

"She has no manners. She has always lived in the country and in mechanics' families. She slam-bangs about the house—shuts the doors as if she were in a tavern—sings when I am in the room—sits down when she is taking my orders—never



puts a Miss to the girls' names—says yes and no to me—and all that sort of thing."

"These are all subordinate matters—is she not good-tempered and well disposed? can't you teach her?"

"She is the very soul of good temper, and she seems as if she could not do too much for you; but this drilling is so tiresome. I wish I could have one perfect servant!"

"We must have perfect mistresses first."

"That is just like you, Ardley. It is their business, and they ought to perfect themselves for it."

"The part of a mistress is not less a business, my dear, nor does it require a less preparation. Don't be offended, but I must say that I beg our girls may be made acquainted with domestic affairs. I should be ashamed to impose them on any man, as ignorant as many young ladies are."

"Oh, it's very easy talking, but you men know nothing about domestic troubles."

"You women, my dear, certainly do your best to enlighten us."

"I think you are very unkind, Ardley, when you see me so annoyed—but your turn is coming, for David is talking of going."

"David! Heaven forbid!"

"He is, and it is half your fault, for ever harping to him about saving his wages, and investing them for him, till his head is fairly turned. He is going to get married, and buy a farm in Michigan, the foolish fellow!"

"Not so very foolish either, to exchange a manservant's place in the city for a wife, a farm, and independence in Michigan! Upon my word, it

gives me pleasure to find David's affairs turning out so well!"

"Your tune will change when David really goes."

"I hope not, my dear; we will try to lose the sense of our loss in David's gain."

"Charity begins at home, Mr. Ardley."

"But should not stop at home, Anne." Mr. Ardley was a man of sense and benevolence; but, unfortunately, he had begun with his wife as she had with her domestics. He found her *not qualified for her place*, and "it was too much trouble to teach her." It required too sustained an effort to awaken her to a sense of her deficiencies, and to inspire her with energy to supply them; so he consoled himself with her favourite adage, "What can't be cured must be endured."

One raw disagreeable day, when the mercury was just enough above the freezing point to allow a heavy snow to thaw, Lucy came into the nursery with the two little girls whom she had led from school, that being one of the duties included in her "odds and ends." "My dear Belle," said her mother, "why are you crying?"

"It's so cold, mother, Lucy could hardly help crying. Lucy, please make haste and take off my rubbers." Lucy did her best, but her hands were benumbed, and she was less dexterous than usual. "What ails you, Lucy? your fingers are all thumbs."

"I should think they would be, mother," said little Belle, who had inherited her mother's constitutional kind-heartedness; "she had not any gloves, and she could not keep her hands under her cloak, because she had to take hold of our

hands, you know ; and besides, her shoes have holes in them, and her feet are wet."

"My dear, if girls will go out with ragged shoes, they must expect wet feet. Why did not you change your shoes, Lucy?"

"I have no others, ma'am."

"Then pray buy a pair the first time you go out ; but, in the mean time, look in my closet ; you will find a basket there with half a dozen pairs' more or less worn—take them all, if they suit you."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am ! May I give a pair to mother, Mrs. Ardley?"

"What an idea ! Your mother wear my shoes ! did you ever notice my foot, child?"

"Yes, ma'am, but mother's is very small too ; and noise troubles father so much that a pair of light shoes will be a great comfort."

"Do what you like with them, child, you are both welcome to them. But don't let me see you with holes in your shoes. If there is anything I can't put up with, it is an untidy-looking servant. That's just the way," continued Mrs. Ardley, after Lucy had gone in quest of the shoes, "servants never provide themselves with walking-shoes, and they go spattering about in the wet, and then bark, bark all winter—it is too annoying to hear them." Poor Lucy, the immediate cause of this denunciation, having, before earned, predestined every cent of her wages to her mother's necessities, had looked with dismay upon her decaying shoes. If the generosity with which Mrs. Ardley had lavished half a dozen pairs of but half-worn delicate kid shoes upon Lucy had provided her with a single pair of stout walking-shoes, the child would

have been saved from much discomfort and suffering. But she had not yet learned that it was her duty to know the actual condition of her domestics, to watch over their health, and, as far as she was qualified by superior judgment, to regulate their expenses. If she had even inquired into Lucy's, she would have been touched with the child's virtue; for Mrs. Ardley was far from being an unfeeling woman; she was *only* thoughtless, indolent, and self-indulgent. Few women are exposed to glaring vices, but let them beware of the moth and rust that consume their virtues.

The consequence of Lucy's exposure was soon apparent in a severe cold. The running up and down stairs in the irritated state of her lungs gave her pain, and, ignorant as she was of diseases, sad forebodings.

After crawling about for two or three days with a burning cheek and short breath, she was laid on her bed, and Mrs. Ardley's physician being summoned, he pronounced her very ill with inflammation of the lungs. The virtues of Betsy (Sophy's successor) were now called into requisition, and they amply atoned for the want of the graces that belong to polished service. Like most American bred domestics,\* she had been accustomed to multifarious service. Her talents had been developed by a life of exigences. She used her head as well as her hands, and, as Lucy found, her heart for the direction of both. "What is your mother's

\* We once heard an Englishwoman, a competent judge, say that the very best domestics she had ever seen, excepting the Scotch, who did not surpass them, were the American female domestics in Boston.

number, Lucy?" asked her kind attendant; "Mrs. Ardley says David shall go for her."

"Oh, please, Betsy, don't send to mother—she *cannot* come, and it will only make her miserable to know that I am sick. I will give you as little trouble as I can—set the drink by my bed—that is all I want."

"It is not the trouble I mind, Lucy, but your mother is the fittest person to be with you. Why cannot she come?" Lucy explained the sad *why*, and Betsy, brushing off a tear, said, "You are right—we must not put another drop in a cup too full already. If Mrs. Ardley will only allow me time, I can do everything for you. Let me see your blister." The blister was just opened, when Mrs. Ardley's bell rung. "There—I must go—let it be till I return." Betsy went down two pairs of stairs to Mrs. Ardley's room. "It was Miss Anne rang the bell, Betsy—tell Betsy what you want, my dear."

"Have you seen my doll's muff, Betsy?" Betsy had not. "Just look for it, please, Betsy."

"Dolly can wait, I guess—I must go back to Lucy's blister."

"Look first," interposed the mother. "Miss Anne wants to take her doll down Broadway. Have you sent David for Lucy's mother?" Betsy explained why she had not. "How annoying!" resumed Mrs. Ardley; "how is she to be taken care of here?"

"Oh, I can manage well enough if the children won't ring me down to wait on their babies. There's your dolly's muff, Anne; and now, if you

will go up to our sky-parlour, and see poor Lucy's blister, you'll be sorry for her."

"May I go, mamma?"

"No, my dear, those upper rooms are freezing—you will take cold."

"If a sick person can stay in them, it won't hurt me just to go in, mamma!"

"Servants are accustomed to cold rooms, my dear."

"But, mamma," insisted the little girl, who was sagacious, and not accustomed to blind submission in any form, "I am sure the servants are part of their time in our warm rooms."

"You are talking nonsense, Anne."

"There is one thing that is not nonsense, mamma; I know, if I was a servant, I would not live anywhere that I could not have a fire when I was sick." "The child is fit to be a mistress," thought Betsy as she remounted the stairs, "and that's what can be said of few." Betsy had just nicely arranged her dressing to proceed, when the bell again sounded. "There it goes again—ring-a-ding!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, please go, Betsy—it makes my head snap so to hear it when you are staying just for me." Thus entreated, Betsy went.

"Bring me my fur-shoes, Betsy, from the next room." The shoes were brought, and Betsy half way up stairs, when the bell again rung. "I forgot to ask you for my cloak and hat, Betsy, but you should have thought yourself."

"Is there anything else I ought to think of, Mrs. Ardley, before I finish the blister?" she asked, as she handed in the cloak.

"Bless me! is not that blister done yet? Why, you began it half an hour ago!" Mrs. Ardley saw a cloud gathering on Betsy's brow, and she added, "I know the sick must be taken care of. Give Lucy plenty of lemonade, or anything in the house she wants." Betsy perceived Mrs. Ardley was very bountiful of what cost her neither exertion nor sacrifice. Is it surprising that such generosity excites little gratitude?

Betsy had scarcely reached the top of the stairs when the bell again rung most importunately. "Oh, Betsy, I entirely forgot that Mr. Ardley wishes dinner half an hour earlier than usual—run down and tell Ferris. Dear me! I gave David leave to go out—you'll have the table to set—please, Betsy—oh, how inconvenient it is to have servants getting sick—mine always are."

The next morning Lucy was worse. "I shall never be better, Betsy," she said, "while I have such dreadful nights. Mrs. Ferris comes to bed so tipsy, and I loathe her so that I get upon the very edge of the bed, and she snores so horribly that I cannot close my eyes—but pray, don't tell Mrs. Ardley—she knows as well as we do Mrs. Ferris drinks, and it will just end in my being sent home to my mother, and that I could not bear."

"So your life is to be lost, and all of us burnt up alive, maybe, just because she can tickle their palates; well, it's a comical world!"

"If I only might have any little bit of a bed on your floor, Betsy?" Betsy explored the house in vain for extra servants' bedding. She was, however, a woman of expedients. If she had been in a log hut in the western wilderness, she could have

contrived something, and so she would not be baffled in a rich merchant's luxurious establishment in the city of New-York. An old sofa-cushion was brought from the garret, and various articles of apparel substituted for pillow and blankets. Betsy then put Lucy into her bed, agreeing with her bed-fellow, the seamstress, that they would alternately occupy the pallet on the floor. Lucy now reaped the reward of the kindness she had shown these women when they were strangers in the family. To her frequent repetitions of "How kind you are, Betsy—how much trouble I give you!" Betsy would reply, "Shut up, child—it's contrary to Scripture and reason to be 'forgetful of good turns.' Many a time have your weary little legs run up and down stairs to show me where to put or to find this or that fiddle-de-dee of Mrs. Ardley's—and, after all, maybe it was not that, but something else she wanted. She often put me in mind of a fellow that was laying on to his ox, and screaming haw! haw! 'He is hawing,' said a man, who ached to see the poor beast whipped. 'Oh, I meant gee!' said the fellow."

In spite of a good physician's advice, and all the care her voluntary and most kind nurses could give her, Lucy's disease, though abated, continued. Two weeks passed away. How long they seemed to poor Lucy, who, in addition to the usual pains and penalties of sickness, felt the constant dread of adding to her mother's burdens, and the failure of the rent-money from her loss of time. "Our Father in Heaven will not forsake us—mother has often said so—and I will try to remember this when I feel *too bad*," thought Lucy; and with such reflec-



tions she calmed her beating pulse. "Is that little patient of yours never to get well, doctor?" asked Mr. Ardley one morning, when the physician came into the breakfast-room.

"I cannot answer for it, unless she can have a room with a fire in it."

"Bless me, is she in a cold room all this time?—Mrs. Ardley, my dear, how is that?"

"You know, Mr. Ardley, the servants' rooms have no fireplaces, and she could not have a room with one without turning out one of the family."

"Would she not be better off at home, doctor, even if her family are poor, than in a damp, cold atmosphere?—it must be bad for inflamed lungs."

"It is, undoubtedly; and if the child has a home and a mother, as the day is fine and mild, I should advise her being sent there at once."

So the carriage was ordered; Lucy's wages paid without any deduction for loss of time; a basket with medicines, and another with provisions, put up for her, and Betsy permitted to attend her home. As the carriage drove off, "That's a very good little girl!" said Mrs. Ardley; "I hope she will recover; but, if she does not, what a comfort it will be to think we have done our duty by her?"

"I hope the poor child has not suffered from the cold room; you should have thought of that, Anne."

"My dear, how can I think of everything?"

"I am more dissatisfied with myself than with you at this moment, Anne. I see that it is a shocking neglect of our duty for people of our condition not to provide for the comfort, no, the actual wants of those they employ. I do not wonder servants are always ready to change their places, hoping

for something better, no doubt. If I live another year, those upper rooms shall be made comfortable!"

The tiresome domestic perplexities, even poor Lucy's illness, might have been avoided by proper qualifications and due attention on the part of Mrs. Ardley. There was not in her case, nor do we believe there often is any want of indulgence or liberality to be complained of. We hope we shall not be accused of imputing all the blame to the mistress, because it is our ungracious task to illustrate her shortcomings. We know that the general low character of domestics and their perfect independence involves the mistress of a family in much inevitable perplexity. But the fault is not all the domestic's. We believe the difficulty would be materially lessened if young women were educated for their household duties, and if they carried into their relation to their domestics the right spirit; if they regarded them as their "unfortunate friends," whom it was their religious duty to instruct, to enlighten, to improve, to make better and happier. It has been well said, that, when domestic economy was perfected, there would be no need of political economy. We would venture further, and say, that when our family communities are perfectly organized the Millennium will have come. Will it sooner?

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SCENE CHANGES.

"WHATSOEVER is brought upon thee, take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate," was an admonition perfectly illustrated by Lucy's mother. "Lucy's folks an't every-day folks," said Betsy, when she returned, to her friend the seamstress. "I found Lucy's mother in a little back room, as clean as hands could make it, sitting over a few coals, sewing away for dear life, and two bright slips of girls beside her. She turned deadly pale when I brought Lucy in, and the girls screamed out. 'Don't be frightened, dear mother,' said Lucy, in her quiet way; 'I have been sick, but I am getting better.' Her mother drew a cot near the fire, and we laid Lucy on it. I saw the poor woman was all of a nerve, but pretty soon she kissed her child, and said, 'It's a blessing to see you, any how, Lucy.' Then I heard a slender little voice, and I turned round and saw '*our Jemmie*,' you know, bolstered up in a basket-cradle. An angel's face he has on his crooked body. He begged to have his cradle drawn close to her bed, and then he took her hand, and kissed it over and over, and said, 'Oh, how glad I should be, if I was not so sorry to see you sick, Lucy; and now you will stay at home, and it won't be your duty to go when you *can't* go, Lucy,' and so on. I declare, it

made me feel weak in the joints to hear him ; so I sat down, and ‘ took an observation,’ as the sailors say. ‘ The father lay in bed with his eyes open, but his wife said he did not know anything ; he had had a paralytic stroke since Lucy was at home. ‘ They’re sort o’ and sort o’ not poor folks ; in respect to this world, poor as the young ravens ; but, in respect to furniture for t’other, forehanded ! But soul and body must be kept together, and, if you’ll join me, we’ll send a load of wood just for love to Lucy—they’ll feel better to take it so than as charity from rich folks—to be sure, them that takes can’t enjoy themselves so much as them that gives ; but that’s Scripture law, and we can’t help it.’ ”

As our business is with Lucy’s domestic service, we must pass over the interval spent at home. The energies of youth and good nursing soon restored her, and, through the good offices of Charles Lovett’s mother, she obtained a place at a Mrs. Simson’s, Mrs. Lovett’s next-door neighbour. Mrs. Lovett would herself gladly have taken her, but she had just then cast upon her charities a desolate German girl, who, on account of her utter ignorance of our language, was unable to obtain a good place.

“ As soon as Annet has learned English, and learned our ways, she will do well enough,” said kind Mrs. Lovett ; “ and, in the mean time, I can make out with her better than others, for I am not particular.” Never was woman less particular in her requisitions from others, nor more exact in the performance of every duty of humanity, than Mrs. Lovett. She was too intent on her own performances to watch over her neighbours, and she knew

nothing more of the Simsons than that they were what are called respectable people.

Lucy's new mistress was from one of the Eastern states. Her husband was a thriving mechanic, and she was, in her little sphere, an "ambitious woman," what is called, in vulgar parlance, among country housewives, a *driver*. She had certain aims in life—the first was riches; the second that her children should rise far above their parents' level. She well understood the means of achieving the first—the second is somewhat more difficult. Aurelia, her eldest girl, was eighteen, with full dark eyes, white teeth, and a profusion of brown hair, that was dangling in half a quire of curl-papers in the morning and depending from half a dozen combs in the evening. She had, moreover, a fair, pale complexion, and a very slight person, the result of indolence, indulgence, and mismanagement. These attributes were valued by herself and her mother as giving her what they called "a genteel look." Alas for such gentility! Mrs. Simson, reckoning an exemption from manual labour as the *first* requisite for a *lady* (that charmed word), permitted Miss Aurelia to dawdle about all the morning in a greasy black silk, with a novel, or a bit of soiled muslin embroidery in her hand, while she was in the kitchen overworking herself and her handmaid Lucy.

Lucy was maid of all work. She rose early and worked late, it being an oft-repeated aphorism of Mrs. Simson, that "young help should be up betimes." The natural corollary from these premises would seem to be, that "young help should go to bed betimes." Not so reasoned Dame Simson.

"Young help," she said, "should sew evenings to make up for not turning off heavy work," that is, should make up in time for defect of force.

"I understood you hired for washing," said Lucy, the first time she saw preparation for those domestic orgies, that were said by a wit to have been instituted to celebrate Job's birthday—the day he cursed.

"Did I say so? Well, I meant I hired when I did not keep help; but I don't calculate to pay monthly wages, and six shillings a day for washing—six shillings is six shillings—you can't complain, child, for I take the brunt of it." Lucy did not complain; but, as she toiled through the too heavy burden imposed, she looked back with regret to Mrs. Ardley's "odds and ends," and even to the never-ending trifles of vexing Mrs. Broadson.

When the washing was ended, the accessories fell to Lucy's share—the starching, hanging out, bringing in, sprinkling, and folding. "The *heft* of the ironing I shall do myself," said Mrs. Simson; "you'll have nothing to do to-day, Lucy, but make the beds, and sweep down the chambers, and hang over the dinner, and smooth off the light things while the pot is boiling. Oh, don't forget, though, to rub over the knives, for *he*\* is particular about clean knives."

Any further directions were interrupted by a call from the stairs. "Ma, ma'n't Lucy finish sweeping off the walk—I sha'n't be ready for dancing-school."

"Yes, Julius—run and do it, Lucy, quick—if

\* We do not know why so many good wives designate their husbands by the pronouns *he* and *him*. It may be from a transmitted feeling of their supremacy.

he comes home and finds it not done, he'll find fault with Julius—I don't know how I am ever to make a gentleman of Jule if he sets him about such jobs." Another scream from the stairs, and a request that "Ma" would send Lucy to do up the parlour, for Miss Aurelia expected Mr. Smith to call. Mr. Smith was a young sprig of the law from the country, of whom Miss Aurelia flattered herself she had made a conquest at her dancing-master's public the preceding evening. The mother answered in the affirmative. "Be spry," she said to Lucy, "and make a fire in the grate, and polish the brasses, and dust off the shades over the flowers, and reel the sofy up to the fire. Aurely is very pa'ticular when she expects her beaux—and if Mr. Smith should stay to dinner, fix the dinner-table just as they fix it at Miss Ardley's; and I expect you won't eat with us, Lucy, because Aurely has feelings about such things."

Lucy had *feelings* too, but not about "such things." Her mother had early taught her that feelings were given to quicken the affections and awaken the sympathies, and not to feed pride, vanity, and selfishness. Her feelings were no way affected by sitting or not sitting at Mrs. Simson's table. "Your respectability must come from your own character and deportment, my child, and not from the place you occupy," her mother had said; and Lucy, in her short experience, had seen vulgarity at a gentleman's table, and witnessed refinement in the lowest seat of the household.

Lucy had "*feelings*," and once every day they were called forth by her friend Charles Lovett, who brought her tidings from home, which he al-

ways gave, with some kind word to boot, when he delivered the family supply of bread. It had been Mrs. Simson's custom to send to the bakehouse in order to avail herself of a customary deduction in the price of a certain number of loaves ; but, since Lucy had lived with her, Charles Lovett had volunteered to serve her at the door without an additional charge—an offer extremely puzzling to Dame Simson, who understood little of those considerations that cannot be represented by dollars and cents.

The day before Lucy's first month was up, Mrs. Simson said to her, "I see your ears are bored, Lucy, why don't you wear ear-rings?"

"My mother bored them when I was a very little girl, to—to please my father."

"Then you have worn them?"

"Yes ; my father never liked to see me without them—so I always wore them at home."

"They are dreadful pretty things, I think ; don't you, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am ; but I think, as mother says, they would look prettier if there was any use in them."

"Use or no use, you would look a deal handsomer for them—your face is the right shape, and your neck rather long—you raly want 'em. What have you done with yours?"

"Mother disposed of them," replied Lucy, and she was leaving the room to avoid telling the why and wherefore.

"Stop, Lucy—did you ever take notice of Aurely's ear-rings, with red drops?" Lucy had seen them. "Well, here they are—just as good as new—only one stone is gone and one hinge broke. They might be repaired for a trifle—they cost four



dollars—Aurely has got two other pairs, and so she has handed them over to me. To oblige you, Lucy, I'll let them go at half price."

"Thank you—I do not want them."

"Don't want them! I know what that means; well, rather than you should be disappointed, you shall have them for *one* dollar! it won't be like laying out money. You can take them towards your wages."

"I cannot take them at any price. My mother has occasion for every penny I earn."

Thus answered, Mrs. Simson was not ashamed still to urge; and finally, when she despaired of putting off her foolish girl's broken finery, she mumbled over something of girls not fifteen asking four dollars *in cash* a month; and, if she paid at that rate, she should look out for somebody that could earn it; and a deal of stuff that made poor Lucy feel very uncomfortable. Mrs. Simson, however, understood her own interests too well to part with so faithful and capable a girl, and Lucy went on in her second month's service. "You can't find it pleasant there," said her mother; "Mrs. Simson is a vulgar, hard woman; but patience is a great help, and in some respects she is a desirable person with whom to serve a short apprenticeship. She is a thorough worker. With her you are every day qualifying yourself for the future. Your work at Mrs. Ardley's was quite as wearing, and her 'odds and ends' would never have fitted you to conduct business yourself. Go on, my dear child, cheerfully. The future has always a harvest in store for those who diligently improve the present." As some plants grow stronger exposed to winds and

cold, so Mrs. Lee's resolution had strengthened in keen adversity.

Lucy's labours were interrupted by a summons home. Her father was dead. The events that are appointed alike to all seldom pass without awakening sympathy. No poor widow could be more lonely than was Mrs. Lee; but she found friends among those who bore it steadily in mind that "to do good and to communicate is an acceptable sacrifice."

"Charlie," said Mrs. Lovett, bustling in a few minutes after Lucy had got home, "Charlie would not give me a minute's peace till I came over to see how you all were—and so forth."

The *and so forth*, afterward explained with an awkwardness that had the quality of inward grace, meant, that, at Charles's instigation, seconded by her own generous heart, and authorized by her husband, she came to offer to defray the expenses of a decent funeral.

Mrs. Lee had calmly supported herself till that moment; but such kindness from persons almost strangers to her, such a tribute of respect to her and her little ones in their very low estate, overcame her, and she burst into tears. As soon as she could regain her composure, and express her gratitude in words, she communicated, with the confidence that such kindness deserved, the precise state of her affairs. She had a watch which had been given to her husband by his mother. It had once been very valuable, and now, though old-fashioned, if Mr. Lovett could obtain a just price for it, she should be able to meet the expenses of the funeral. She did not tell how tenaciously, through

as their clamorous necessities, her husband had retained this memorial of his mother—how, amid the ruin of every just principle, and every other pure and holy sentiment, that affection, which is truly our *first love* and our last, had clung to him. Neither did she communicate to any one but Lucy, the sharer of all her thoughts, the weakness that had assaulted her noble mind. “For a little while I did feel, Lucy,” she said, “as if I could not part with that watch—it is the last relic of our better days, and a secret wish has lurked with me to have something to show the children in future, as a proof of what their grandparents were. So our little pride and vanity will stick to us, Lucy! So inconsistent are our foolish habits with our principles. It has been my desire to conform your minds to your situation, to make you realize that all honour and happiness was in your own souls, and not in anything outward; and I might have spoiled it all by turning your eyes back to what your parents were, instead of directing them forward to what you should be!”

But we are lingering with Lucy’s mother when our business is with far less interesting people. “Mourning is very expensive,” said Mrs. Simson, when Lucy returned to her work in her usual dress; “I conclude your mother don’t feel as if she could put you all fully into it at once?”

“No, ma’am.”

“That’s well—I like to see folks prudent, and to help ’em to be so. I’ve got a bombasin that I had for my best when mother died, and it was made over for Aurely when the baby died. I calculate

it will answer your purpose very well for Sabbath days and so forth—go get it, Aurely.”

Aurelia did not know where it was. “She believed she had tucked it in the rag-bag.”

Her mother uttered a philippic upon her wastefulness, and bidding her “hunt it up,” the gown, torn, frayed, and rusty, was soon produced. “It don’t look very smart, to be sure,” said Mrs. Simson, evidently taken aback by its forlorn appearance; “but when it’s sponged, and turned, and made over—I’ll allow you time to do it of evenings—it will make quite a scrumptious dress—that is, considering it sha’n’t cost you more than a dollar and a half—only think of getting a bombasin for a dollar and a half!”

“I am not going to wear mourning at all, Mrs. Simson.”

“Possible!” exclaimed Mrs. Simson, holding up both her hands, “nor your ma neither?”

“Yes, my mother will wear it, but not the children.”

Lucy’s manner was so quiet and decided, that Dame Simson’s hopes of turning the penny vanished; but suppress her spleen she could not. “Well,” she said, “every one to their notion; but I think, if I was ever so put to it, I should find a way to get mourning when my folks died, especially *where it was as it was*; it looks pa’ticular and wanting of respect to go without it—*looks is looks*.”

Lucy would have borne this innuendo in silence if she alone had been concerned; but her mother’s part in it made the blood mount to her cheeks, and she said, “My mother’s rule is to show your respect by doing your duty to the living; and, after-

ward, those that form wrong judgments by *looks* must—" she checked her resentment and stopped.

"*Must* what? you may as well out with it."

"Must answer for it themselves, Mrs. Simson."

"Ma," interposed Miss Aurelia, "how can you let your help be so impudent to you?"

Master Julius stood by, and taking a different view of the case, said, "If ma is *sarcy* to her help, she must expect her help to be *sarcy* to her."

But we are tired (we are sure our readers must be) of detailing the petty abuses of a griping, vulgar mistress. Lucy endured them patiently for some months, and till Mrs. Simson became impatient of regularly paying the four dollars, instead of putting off, in part payment, some useless thing that gave her the agreeable feeling of having got a *bargain* out of the person on whom she imposed.

It happened, not half an hour after Lucy had received her warning to look for another place, that Charles Lovett, while delivering the bread, said, "Mother has found a capital place for Annet, and she leaves us next week."

"And I leave here next week." Charles snapped his fingers, but said never a word. A few minutes afterward Mrs. Lovett sent for Lucy, and engaged her to supply Annet's place.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CHARLIE'S MOTHER.

MRS. LOVETT, in point of fortune and station, was on an equal footing with her neighbour. Her husband was a prosperous baker, with seven sons, healthy, noisy, good-humoured boys, our friend Charles, now a lad of seventeen, being the oldest. A person suddenly transported from the depths of the winter of an arctic region to a land of soft airs, verdure, fruits, and flowers, could not have felt a greater change than did Lucy in her translation from her dreary existence at Dame Simson's to the atmosphere of affection and kindness that Mrs. Lovett breathed around her. These two women possessed the same external means; the cupidity and selfishness of the one made a moral waste around her—the good sense, affectionateness, and sweet temper of the other operated like those blessed fountains well called “diamonds of the desert,” that minister to the life and beauty of everything within their reach.

If Mrs. Lovett had some defects which impaired the effect of her virtues, or rather diminished the amount of good she might have produced, we do not care to analyze them. It seems unreasonable to demand an exact arrangement of rich, spontaneous productions. We therefore prefer giving a glimpse of her home; a day there might stand for

a year, as her kindness was inexhaustible, having no measure but the never-ending wants of her fellow-creatures.

Lovett's business made it necessary for him to be in his bakehouse before light, and Charles, at the peep of dawn, was off in the bread-cart. The morning was yet dim when Lovett came in from his bakehouse, and found his wife kindling the kitchen fire. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "why don't you call up your boys to do that?"

"Oh, I like to do it now and then myself."

"Yes; but your now and then is about every morning—it's the boys' business."

"They went out skating last evening, you know, and it's their nature to love to sleep in the morning."

"Have a care, mother; boys' *natures* must not be humoured too much. Where is Lucy? Why is not she helping you?"

"Oh, you know she had Jemmie here to spend the day yesterday, and she and Charlie drew him home in the evening, and she went to bed late and tired. Besides, poor thing, she has got a pain in her breast working so hard next door—down late and up early, and it will take a good deal of resting to bring her quite right again."

"Well, she has reason to bless her stars she has got into hands that give rest to everything but themselves. What upon earth is that noise? A cock crowing up stairs!"

Mrs. Lovett laughed. "It's only Sammy's bantam! He begged me to let him take him up stairs to wake the boys up this morning; I thought I would indulge him just once."

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"*Once!* It's well it takes a power of spoiling to spoil good boys." Lovett hit the truth, though he did not precisely state it. Indulgence loses much of its vitiating effect where good feelings are kept in constant exercise by pure examples and warm affections. "Come, Sam! John! Bob!" cried Mr. Lovett, going to the stairs, "get up and help your mother. Bring down your bantam, Sam—he'll wake Lucy!"

Lucy at this moment was coming down stairs, and she said, smiling, she "wished he'd waked her sooner."

"Soon enough, my child, soon enough. Mother, now Lucy is up to help you, I'll tell you what I stepped in for. There was a poor German came into the bakehouse last night for employment, and Charlie made out to talk with him enough to find out he had been looking since he landed, a week ago, in vain for work. He is a very respectable-looking man, and tells a sad story about the starving state of his old parents at home, for whom he hopes to provide a place in our country—"

"Did Charlie," interrupted Mrs. Lovett, "find out all that? Well, he did not take all that pains to teach Annet for nothing."

"No, mother, a kind turn is seldom thrown away. But I was going to say, that as this poor fellow has nowhere to go to breakfast, I thought, if you were willing, I would ask him in?"

"Certainly—I should like it. You know I have rather a fancy for Germans. Lucy, clap down some sausages; he has been so long fasting he'll want something warming. Make a good cup of tea, Lucy; it will be relishing to him—poor fel-



low!" Lucy did all she was bidden, and would fain have done more. A portion of her work had been omitted in consequence of Jemmie's visit the preceding day, and she set about rubbing the knives. "That will do, Lucy," said Mrs. Lovett; "they are clean, never mind the polishing; put the brightest by father's plate and that poor fellow's. I'll see to the sausages, and fry the cakes; it's bad work for your eyes. You run and set the table, and clap on an end, so that German need not feel as if he crowded us."

"The cloth is rather spotted—shall I put a clean one on, Mrs. Lovett?"

"No, never mind; it makes the washes too heavy for Dinah to have clean table-linen every day. Set the plates round so as to humour the spots. You say they only dirty one cloth a week next door. I should think the Millennium had come if that happened with my boys. They never will learn such neatness!"

"It is a good lesson to learn," thought Lucy, but learned next door at too great an expense of thumps on the head, raps over the hand, and aching hearts. Mr. Lovett now came in to say the stranger was ashamed to accept their hospitality. He had not been shaven for a week, and was not willing to appear before the women in that condition.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lovett, ever ready to sacrifice herself to the simplest act of kindness, "oh, never mind, let him just step into our bedroom and shave—take him round the other way. Lucy, run in, and clear up, and tuck away!" This was done, and well done in a minute, and no one can question

Lucy's faculties who has seen "mother's room," in a house where there are half a dozen boys, a baby, and a "never mind!" mother. The Lovetts' hospitality was the first ray of kindness that had fallen on the poor stranger since he had reached our shore, whither he had come full of hope as the pioneer of starving friends at home. In Charles's absence not one of the family could speak an intelligible word to him; but each, eagerly offering some kindness, employed a language as universal as human feelings. Bobby set his favourite cat on the stranger's knee, and the baby, sitting on Lucy's lap, snatched from her plate a "buckwheat" and offered it to him. "Willie, dear!" exclaimed Lucy, repressing his hand, "you are dripping the molasses all over the cloth." A tear of pleasure started into the mother's eye. "Never mind, Lucy!" she said; "dear little fellow, how strange he should enter into his feelings!"

"Mother!" cried out one of the little boys, "do see Bob and puss drinking milk out of the same cup!" The mother reproved Bobby, but, joining in the general laugh, the reproof was neutralized.

"You need not all laugh at me," retorted Bobby, "for Sam lets his dog eat out of his plate."

"But not when he does," interposed Lucy.

"No, but he lets Jerry Bantam pick the corns off his lips, and I am sure my pussy's mouth is as clean as Jerry's—you need not laugh so, mother, it's cleaner than baby's was yesterday when you kissed it, and said you did not mind such a sweet little fellow's dirt."

"Oh, Bob! I guess not."

"Well, if you did not say so, mother, you did not mind it."

"Then I'll punish myself by not kissing you for a week to come."

"Oh, no, no, mother! please give me one kiss now." Mother refused, and Bob, a dauntless little rogue, jumped up behind her chair, encircled her neck with his arms, and kissed her chin, cheeks, and forehead, leaving an impress of molasses wherever his lips touched. There was a general shout round the table at Bob's victory. Lucy quietly handed Mrs. Lovett a wet napkin; the stains were effaced, and the breakfast being over, the family proceeded to the business of the day. Mrs. Lovett had an energy and steadfastness in the pursuit of her children's improvement, that, if we did not every day see new and strange combinations in individual character, would have seemed incompatible with the habits of general indulgence we have depicted. A portion of her power was undoubtedly wasted; but her imperfections were accompanied by such perfect disinterestedness and generosity, that all sense of the infirmity was lost in love and gratitude.

"Bring your book, John," she said, "and let me be sure you have learned your lesson. You were all agog about the skating last night. Lucy, just hear Sam in Colburn. Oh, never mind! if you are getting Charlie's breakfast—that's right, dear—keep the sausage hot for him, but you need not spread that clean napkin over the cloth—Charlie is used to taking it as he can get it."

"He never finds fault, Mrs. Lovett, but he likes it nice. Dinah don't mind washing a napkin more for him—she says Charlie's clothes wash easy."\*

\* It is a common superstition among that much-enduring class

"Charlie gets the blind side of every one in the house ; but go on your own way, Lucy. Bless me ! when did you scour that knife and fork. It must be confessed, you have profited by living next door. Such a body as Mrs. Simson has her uses for those who know how to catch the good and leave the bad."

"The bad was so disagreeable, Mrs. Lovett, you could not catch it." Lucy was right. It is the faults of the good and loveable that we are in danger of imbibing.

John had finished his recitation in that charming school-book—charming alike to teacher and learner—"Popular Lessons," and was now in eager pursuit of his slate. "Have you seen it, mother?" he asked.

"No—how is that, Sam—seven times seven is fifty—think again—Lucy, dear, just set the baby down and look for John's slate."

"Oh, mother ! Miss Selden said I must not come to school again without strings in *both* my shoes."

"Lucy, dear, run into the bedroom and look for a piece of galloon—it is in the upper drawer, or the under, or on the table—oh, perhaps in my piece basket." Alas for the chace through that labyrinth.

"Oh, Lucy, please to find my cap—blame it ! it's always gone."

"Find it yourself, Bob—don't call on Lucy for everything."

the washwomen, that good-natured people's clothes "*wash easy*." There is philosophy in this. What a pity a moral power should be wasted which is a more certain lightener of labour than the best patent washing-machine ever contrived.

"But, mother, Lucy always can find everything, and I always can't." And so it proved. Lucy, with infinite sweetness, found and arranged all that was wanted, and the happy little troop issued from the street-door and were bounding away, when their mother called after them, "John! Sammy! here, for mercy's sake! John, you must take a bottle of wine to poor old Brett."

"Mother!—clear to Reed-street!"

"Not if you do not choose, sir," replied his mother, sternly, for she could manifest displeasure when her children failed in an act of kindness.

"Do give it to me, mother—I do choose, only it's such a horrid long way down there."

"No. Charlie will take it by-and-by. The way should never seem *horrid long* when we go to do a kindness."

"Well, I don't see what he wants wine for—you and father never drink wine."

"The doctor has ordered it for him, John. Now, my boy, you are conscious you have done wrong, and are trying to find some reason for it. Sammy, take this book to Sarah Martin."

"Has the doctor ordered a book to cure Sarah Martin's lame foot, mother?" asked Sam, laughing.

"I don't know as to that, Sam, but I know it's what they call an 'easing medicine' for all diseases that are not too bad to admit of using it—ah, Charlie! good-morning to you. Your breakfast is all ready, and Lucy ready to bake your cakes."

"That's first-rate, mother." Never did breakfast meet a keener appetite to do it justice, an appetite prepared by long exercise in the morning air, and stimulated by good food, arranged by "neat-

handed" Lucy, who, while performing various other miscellaneous offices, was baking the cakes, filling his cup, and throwing in kind words and smiles. A spoiled favourite of fortune (so called), rising from the distasteful luxuries of a twelve o'clock breakfast, might have envied our baker's boy!

"Oh, mother," asked Charles, "has father decided about the ticket for the lectures?"

"Yes; at least he left it to me, as he always does, and I am determined to go, provided Mr. What-ye-call-him says that a family-ticket will admit Lucy."

"To be sure it will—is she not one of the family?"

"There are few," said Lucy, slightly blushing, "that consider *help* so."

"Then they are fools, Lucy, besides being geese—but, in order to be certain, besides being sure, I called on Mr. 'What-ye-call-him,' mother's name, you know, for all mankind, besides a part of woman-kind, and asked him, and he said any one that lived with us was one of the family."

"But be honest, Charles—did you tell him I was your mother's help?"

"No—why should I, any more than that mother was your help—no disparagement to you, Lucy; but I think mother is the greatest help we have in this family."

"If help means aiding every one, and more kindly than any one else ever did, I think she is the best *help* in the world, Charles."

"Oh, Lucy and Charlie—go about your business—you are turning my head!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### "CALL AGAIN!"

MRS. LEE received a proposition from some friends in the village where she had spent her youth, that induced her at once to renounce her wearisome life in town and return there. She was to preside over the family of an old pair, whose some dozen children were married and dispersed. She was permitted to bring Jemmie with her, and advantageous situations were offered for her two little girls. Lucy, it was decided, should be left with Mrs. Lovett, and Lucy determined to consecrate her future earnings to Jemmie. This poor little fellow's heart was almost broken at parting with his sister. Without the extravagance of Rousseau's lover, he divided the world into two parts, "where she was and where she was not!"

Lucy continued through the year at Mrs. Lovett's, reminded by nothing but the regular receipt of her wages that she was at service. At the expiration of that time a sad change occurred. Mr. Lovett suddenly determined to remove to Ohio. He was the proprietor of land there, which was now promising to become very valuable, and both he and his wife expected, from a removal to that fine new country, physical and moral benefit to their children. The well-established bakehouse

was to be retained, and Charles, perfectly qualified for the business, was left to conduct it. After much deliberation, decision, and reconsideration, it was settled that Lucy should remain in the city—this was strenuously urged by Charles, and rather favoured by herself. A place had offered at Mrs. Hartell's, where she might earn, with very light labour, seven dollars a month. This money would enable her to put some favourite plans for Jemmie into execution, "and any time, if she chose," as Charles said and reiterated, lest the argument should not prevail, "she might go to her mother." "Well, my children," said Mrs. Lovett, at the conclusion of their deliberations, "if one must stay, I had rather the other should too. You will be a brother to Lucy, Charles, and you will be a sister to him, Lucy?" They both promised. Did the thought of ever being anything nearer enter their young hearts? We shall see.

We are obliged to omit some of the most interesting scenes in Lucy's life—the parting from the Lovetts and her closing, for the last time, those doors, that, as she turned their bolts, she thought had never been closed against any claim to hospitality or kindness of any sort, and the first depression of her mercury at the chill atmosphere of a new service-place.

She went to Mrs. Hartell's in the morning, and, on inquiring for the lady, was told she was never visible till eleven; but that she could see "Miss Adèle." Miss Adèle proved to be the nurse, a Frenchwoman of a certain age, who lost no time in acquainting Lucy with the duties of her new place and its advantages. Her inaugural discourse



we shall repeat, merely taking the liberty to translate the French she interspersed, and mend her broken English.

"A very pretty position you will have here, my dear, if you do everything—very quick, and very well. It is very necessary you should never forget you are to be grateful to me for it—for Mrs. Hartell, my dear, would never know that you was born if I had not made the discovery." Lucy smiled. "'Tis very true, my dear—we had one Bridget here—very low Irish person, but very good judge of character—she admired me very much—she spoke well of you—your needlework, and so forth—particularly she said you was very humble, which is very pretty quality in young person—young person should always look up, and so forth, to those that are very little older—as I am than you."

"Adèle ! Adèle !" shouted one of the little girls, "you look full old enough to be her mother."

"C'est 'que j'ai la dignité d'un âge mûr—mais, mademoiselle, vous ne devez parler que François. *That is because I have the dignity belonging to ripe years—but, miss, you ought to speak only French.*"

"So you always say when you don't want us to be understood—I hate French, and I never will speak it when I don't choose—papa says I need not."

"Mais votre maman, ma chère mademoiselle, elle dit tout au contraire. *But your mamma, miss, says quite the contrary.*"

"Oh, well, I mind papa when I like, and mamma when I like."

"That is the way, I assure you," said Adèle

to Lucy, making, like most foreign observers, a general inference from her individual experience, "with all American children—there is no government in this country nowhere—the people do as they please, and the very little children do as they please. You will have the very great advantage to eat with me."

"Great advantage, indeed!" interposed again the aforesaid young speaker. "Adèle will take the best, and leave you the rest—that was the way she served little Judy Phealan."

"Mademoiselle Ophelia, vous êtes très désagréable ce matin; je me plaindrai de vous à votre maman. *Miss Ophelia, you are very disagreeable this morning; I will complain of you to your mother.*"

"And mamma will complain to me, and I will complain to papa, and papa will complain back to mamma," retorted the little girl, laughing.

"I wish you to pay no attention to miss, because her mamma wishes her to say nothing in English, and it is as if she spoke not a word."

"Then you need not answer what I say, Adèle." Adèle muttered a "Mon Dieu!" between her teeth, and proceeded: "You will keep our room very nice—I like very pretty order."

"Yes, when you have others to take the trouble of it, Adèle."

"Sacre! And in very hot days I wish you to walk out with the young ladies, because it is very disfavoured to my health."

"And your complexion, Adèle—don't you remember the day your colour ran down on to your frill?"

Adèle's colour now at least was natural. "It is

impossible," she continued, "when Miss Ophelia is here to tell you all; but you will do everything as I wish. You must ask always my direction, for Mrs. Hartell is very delicate—all American ladies are very delicate, you know—and she wishes not to be troubled." A slatternly girl now appeared with the nurse's breakfast; Adèle inquired why it was not brought by Monsieur Achille, the waiter.

"For a very good reason," replied the girl, chuckling, "Mr. Hartell has turned Monsheer Achille out of doors."

"Achille turned out of doors! For what?"

"For loving iced Champagne too well—and drinking as much of it as Mr. Hartell himself."

"Quelle horreur! Je lui ai dit—" Adèle checked before she had betrayed herself. "Pauvre madame," muttered Adèle, "son mari est un bête. *Poor madame, her husband is a brute!* Anne," she called after the girl, "these cakes are cold—ask Henri to send me some hot ones."

"Henri says if you want any more you may come and bake them yourself."

Adèle now bestowed the most vulgar abuse in French upon Henri, and then begged Lucy to run down and bake her some cakes. "Just half a dozen for me—you can eat the cold ones, my dear—but my stomach won't bear cold cakes."

Lucy civilly but resolutely declined going down, alleging that she was a stranger, and feared to give offence in the kitchen. She immediately found that in avoiding Scylla she had run on Charybdis. Adèle had expected to find in Lucy a meek subject to her authority; and disappointed, as well as displeased, at so early a resistance, she looked

angry, spoke pettishly, and manifested her selfishness without the slightest restraint of good manners, turning over the toast to get the best buttered bits, pouring off all the clear coffee, and appropriating the only egg to herself. Before the breakfast was finished the baby cried, and Adèle directed Lucy to take the little angel up and make it quiet, adding, "that it hurt her digestion to be disturbed at her meals!"

Lucy obeyed. The "little angel" proved to be a stout boy of ten months, in a most impish humour, and, in spite of the kind instincts of her nature, that led her always to care for and caress children, she was tired resisting its struggling and screaming before Adèle was ready to take it. Miss Ophelia and her sister had gone to their French school. Eugene, the baby, was exquisitely dressed; no one could deny Adèle's perfection in every department of the toilet. Lucy had arranged the nursery, and was sitting at her needlework, when Mrs. Hartell made her appearance. She was a tall and handsome woman, of about thirty, but her beauty was impaired by paleness and langour, and powerless from the absence of all expression. Her air of high fashion, or perhaps her extreme coldness and indifference, appalled our modest heroine; and after the first glance she did not again raise her eyes to the lady's face, and her ears gave her no information as to the character of her new mistress; for her languid endearments to her baby, her more animated admiration of its new French dress, and her conversation with Adèle, was all in French. We shall take the liberty to translate it, omitting the expletives with which both mistress and maid

garnished their discourse, Mrs. Hartell thinking it quite graceful to exclaim at every other breath "Mon Dieu!" though she rarely uttered the words in English, the profanity being forbidden in her own country by the usages of good society, as well as by a Divine command. "What made Eugene scream so horribly? he broke my morning nap."

"Oh, madame, a thousand thousand pardons! Ask mamma's pardon, Eugene," and she joined his hands, exclaiming, "What an angel! He was so terrified at a new face. She," nodding to Lucy, "took him up too suddenly. It was all I could do to tranquillize him."

"Is the girl promising?"

"Well enough! I may make something of her—in time—with an infinity of trouble; but nothing is too much to do for madame—these Americans are so awkward at first—so ill-mannered!"

"And *at last*, too, Adèle. But I suppose we are to have an American waiter. Mr. Hartell has turned away Achille, and swears he'll not have another Frenchman."

"Mr. Hartell is very impetuous, madame—it was only a suspicion of poor Achille—the other servants are always against us. In truth, madame, they are all in revolution down stairs, and Henri swears he will abdicate."

"Henri going! Achille gone! Well, I will just shut myself up in my room, and let things take their own way. If Mr. Hartell will turn away my servants, he must get others to suit himself—I'll have nothing to do with it."

"Ah, madame, that is like the poor devil who said, when the coach went over the precipice, 'Never

mind, I am but a passenger.' Madame cannot live without French cooking. American cooking is for the brutes, not for ladies. If madame could only persuade Mr. Hartell to return to Paris—"

"Ah, Adèle, if I could! Dear Paris! I shall never go there till I go to heaven. Mr. Hartell makes a point of never going where I wish—he says, if he goes again to Paris, he shall go without me."

"The savage! a thousand pardons, madame! But how can any one say or do anything unkind to such an angel as madame! One thing is sure, Mr. Hartell adores Monsieur Eugene. He will not go to Paris without you, and leave him."

"Well thought of, Adèle! and, by-the-way, Mr. Hartell has taken it into his head that Eugene is getting pale, and he puts all the fault upon you, for he says the wet-nurse told him the only reason she went away was because she would not live with you, and she called you a bag of lies and pretences."

"The Irish savage! The Irish are all savages—all false and cruel."

"Margery was good to Eugene, though."

"Certainly, madame—*before your eyes* and Mr. Hartell's."

Mrs. Hartell was not ashamed to laugh at Adèle's insinuation against a faithful and warm-hearted creature, who, during a long illness, had watched all night with her child, and carried him all day in her arms, and whom Mrs. Hartell had finally sacrificed to her favourite. "I wish, Adèle," resumed Mrs. Hartell, "you had borne with Margery a

little longer; wet-nurses are like cows, we only keep them for the milk they give.”

Adèle shrugged her shoulders. “But when they kick and hook, madame?”

This precious colloquy was broken off by the entrance of the person in question. At sight of her the baby almost sprung from his mother’s arms; Margery caught him in hers; and, pouring out a flood of tears, caressed him with the fondness characteristic of her people.

“God bless my darling!” she exclaimed; “and ye feel just the same, and six weeks it is that ye have not seen me.”

“One pretty while to stay away when one loves so furiously!” said Adèle, contemptuously.

Her words were like the spark that kindleth a great fire. “And was I not here the very day after I left ye?” asked Margery.

“Yes—you came for your wages.”

“God forgive me, and so I did; but my mind was so full of my baby, that when they told me Mrs. Hartell said I must call next day, I thanked God, thinking then I should see the boy again. The milk was in my breasts yet, and pressed upon my heart like. But I should have been thinking of the money, for my own child’s nurse was wanting her pay, and two miles from the village had I walked for it.”

“But, Margery, I told you I would pay you the next day.”

“Ah, but ye ladies never think we have not servants to send or carriages to ride in for our pay. The time is all we have. It’s easy for you to say ‘call again,’ and ‘call again,’ and the time it takes

to 'call again' is money to us, and ye are robbing us of it, besides holding back our own."

"Margery, you are very impertinent."

"It's the truth, and not me that's impertinent to you, Mrs. Hartell. Just listen to my story, and ye'll be convinced. 'Twas the next day I was offered a dollar for my day's work—I could not lose it, for I had two dollars a week to pay for my child—so I did it, and then in the evening walked the two miles again, to be told, when I got to your door, that you 'could not attend to it then—you were dressing for a party—I might call to-morrow.' I asked for Mr. Hartell, but he was out; so back the two miles I went; and the walk, after the heavy day's work, and fretting, brought on a fever that night, and held me a week, and dried every drop of milk in my breasts; so I lost the nurse-place I had engaged, and had to take my own poor little baby from the breast, for how was I to pay eight dollars from the seven, which was all I could get as dry-nurse? and the poor thing sickened and died, and all—all—mark it well, Mrs. Hartell, came from my not getting my money when it was due!"

Mrs. Hartell, cold and careless as she was, was startled with the consequences of her own mere thoughtlessness, and naturally sought some vindication. "How could I know, Margery, you was in such need of it?—it was a mere trifle—only your last month's wages!"

"Ye knew it was due, and that is all a lady should want to know. What seems a trifle to you is all to us."

"But how could twelve dollars be of such mighty consequence?"



"I have told you my story—it proved sickness to me and death to my child."

"C'est bien ridicule !" exclaimed Adèle ; "you desolate madame—and you very well know madame is very charitable."

"I was not after wanting charity, but my own, that madam had, and I could not get."

"Well, pray, Margery, say no more about it—it is all paid now."

"Yes, Mrs. Hartell, but paid *too late*."

We trust such evil consequences as Margery suffered from the want of punctuality in the employer's payment do not often occur, but they are not without a parallel. Is it not very common for ladies, far more from thoughtlessness than meditated injustice, to delay the payment of wages ? Is there not a culpable inconsiderateness of the rights as well as necessities of a large class, including tradespeople and humble creditors of every sort, in that common reply to their demands, "Call again ?"

## CHAPTER XV.

## TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

EVERY schoolgirl now acquires a certain facility at talking French. Mrs. Hartell was educated before this was considered one of the necessities of polite life, and she set an undue value upon it. She went abroad, to use a commercial phrase, without capital, and consequently returned as poor as she went. In plainer language, she acquired a taste only for that to which art gives a false gloss and fashion a fictitious value, a love for the frivolities that float on the surface of society in the French capital, and for the usages that belong to a highly artificial state of society; usages about as well adapted to our stage in the progress of civilization as an ottoman is to the growing, bounding child, or a lord-mayor's coach to our western hunting-grounds. Instead of training her children to the vigour necessary to endure and resist our rugged climate, she immured them alternately in the nursery and in a French boarding-school. Instead of allowing their persons to expand in obedience to the laws of nature, the beautiful work of God was marred, and the frames fearfully and wonderfully made were given over to French milliners and tailors. But worse than this: instead of learning to speak their own, homely Saxon, in the phrases consecrated by the domestic usages of

centuries, they must first lisp in foreign accents, taught by French servants. Even Mrs. Hartell might have perceived the folly of a Frenchwoman permitting her children to take their first lessons on that most delicate, "most cunning instrument," language, from an American servant; but it never occurred to her that the care of the French servant teacher was worse, inasmuch as the opportunities of education, moral and intellectual, for the lower classes abroad are inferior to those accessible to parallel classes at home. But, unhappily, these were not Mrs. Hartell's most serious mistakes. She never even thought of preparing the minds and manners of her children for the state of society in which they were to live, or of adapting her own conduct to the actual duties of her condition. Among other necessary effects of this fatuity was the disorder and misrule which in our domiciliary visits fall more particularly under our observation.

Mr. Hartell was a man of good moral instincts, but very little moral cultivation. He but half concealed from his children his contempt for their mother, and not at all his detestation of her French favourites. He very early took a liking to Lucy Lee. He perceived that his boy, his idol, soon preferred her to Adèle, and he knew the preferences of a child are unerring. He unwarily expressed in Adèle's presence his superior confidence in Lucy. Lucy's sweet qualities, and thoroughly tried they were, won the love of the little girls, which they constantly manifested, much to their mother's annoyance, by preferring Lucy on all occasions to Adèle. All this, of course, galled Adèle; but while her mistress was her champion she felt

quite safe, and she was not insensible to the advantage of having a young girl of Lucy's capacity and good temper, upon whom she might impose her duties without her indolent mistress giving herself the trouble to reprove, or even to notice her injustice. But there were occasions when she felt the presence of this faithful girl to be not only inconvenient, but dangerous. On one of these Lucy returned unexpectedly from Mrs. Hartell's sister's, where she had been sent to aid in the care of a sick child. The child had died suddenly, and Lucy, on re-entering the nursery, found Adèle at a tête-à-tête *petit souper* with a dear friend. Both master and mistress were out, and the keys had been left in trust with Adèle. The table was spread with the choicest luxuries of the pantry. After Adèle recovered from the first shock of Lucy's appearance, she resumed her conversation with her visiter in French with apparent ease, and with unwonted courtesy begged Lucy to join them. Lucy declined, and refused a glass of Burgundy, which Adèle said was "the best thing in the world to raise the spirits after seeing one little child die." When Adèle's friend was gone, and the relics of the supper removed, she said, as if soliloquizing, "Oh, how generous madame is—she say to me always, 'Adèle, do with mine as if it were yours.' Ah, she is one angel, madame!"

Lucy understood the drift of this. No one likes to appear a passive dupe; and, nettled at Adèle's thinking her so, she said, in allusion to the Burgundy, "Does Mr. Hartell tell you, Adèle, to do with his as if it were your own?"

"Very impertinent, miss! just so you always

are. Madame know so well as I your little arts to get the blind of Mr. Hartell—bad appearance in the young girls to get the blind of the lady's husband. I have madame's leave—monsieur is quite another thing—you will not tell him?" she added, softening her tone. Lucy considered for a moment, and then remembering her mother's rule, whenever she doubted as to her course, to go straight forward, she said, "Adèle, you know that I know you are abusing Mrs. Hartell's confidence." Adèle's eyes absolutely glowed with rage, but Lucy courageously proceeded. "Did I not hear you tell Mrs. Hartell how much sewing you had done the two evenings you were out at balls when she was gone, and every stitch I had taken myself?"

"You could not hear that—we talk alway French."

"I heard and understood perfectly—half Mrs. Hartell's words are English, and I have learned many French words from you and the children. Perhaps you think I did not understand your winking at me, when you showed Mrs. Hartell as your work the stitches I had taken up on Ophelia's stocking, nor your offering me the pink cravat when Mrs. Hartell had left the nursery?"

"So it was to insult me you did not accept it?"

"No; but I would not accept a free gift from one I did not like, and certainly not a bribe."

Adèle had begun with a high blustering tone. She now began to feel how powerful are the weapons of truth, even wielded by a child; and softening down, she said, in a deprecating voice, "You, my dear, mean always right, but in one such young person the judgment is not ripe!"

"If my judgment is not ripe, Adèle, my eyesight is very clear, and I made no mistake when I unlocked Mrs. Hartell's emerald earring for you. You would not have asked me to do it if you could have done it yourself."

"Mon Dieu! mon enfant, is there but one emerald earring in the world?—that was the earring of my friend Matilda!"

"I do not believe it, Adèle, any more than I believe those stockings embroidered with rosebuds which I saw on Mrs. Hartell's feet last Sunday, and which are now on yours, belong to Matilda! I am not deceived, Adèle, and I fear I am wrong in not undeceiving Mrs. Hartell."

"You will not dare to say to madame," cried Adèle, bursting into a stormy flood of tears, "that I am thief and liar—madame will believe not—madame know very well the American servant hate all the French peoples."

"It is true she may not believe me, but that is no reason why I should not do right. I hate to turn telltale—I have no friend to advise me; but my conscience, a safe adviser, tells me I ought not to stand silently by and see my employer's confidence abused."

"Then you tell?" asked Adèle, alarmed and enraged.

"I must, if you go on in this way—but if you stop here I will never tell what is past." Lucy paused for Adèle's reply. She was too cunning to make a promise that implied confession. "I never will bind myself to one such little girl as you—but remember, you have promised not to tell till you suspect more." She evidently was abashed, but

not penitent. She was hardened by the long and unexposed practice of evil and imboldened by Mrs. Hartell's silly confidence and partiality. Perhaps Adèle had been singularly unfortunate ; we leave to others to decide whether her case was a rare one ; but in many years' service in her own country—and with sorrow we add in ours—she had never had one employer who had regarded it as a duty to attempt to reform the faults, and enlighten the moral sense, and strengthen the feeble virtue of her inferior and dependant. She had never had one who considered her a member of the same great family with herself, a creature of the same passions and affections, who, after a few flying years, when the relations instituted as a trial to the virtue of employers and employed are past, must appear with her at the same tribunal. Mrs. Hartell winked at her faults to profit by her faculties ; and, instead of leading her back to truth and duty, urged her forward in her devious course by the example of her own vanities and self-indulgence.

Lucy knew she had provoked a powerful adversary who would do battle with the "sword and the shield," but she was strong and tranquil in the consciousness of having done right. Before going to bed she offered Adèle her hand, saying, "Be sure, Adèle, I wish to be your friend ; and it shall not be my fault if we are not the better and happier for living together."

"Mais—c'est un bon enfant ! *She is a good creature !*" exclaimed Adèle, yielding to a good impulse and returning the pressure of Lucy's hand.

"He's human, and some pulse of good must live  
Within his nature."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## A DETECTION.

THOUGH too confirmed in evil to be reformed by Lucy's gentle influence, Adèle, for some weeks after her conversation with Lucy, was guarded before her. She wore only her own finery, neither indulged herself nor a "*cher ami*" with Champagne or Burgundy, and only went out with Mrs. Hartell's knowledge. This was often enough; for Lucy was the pack-horse on whom she was allowed to cast all her burdens. She was more lavish than ever of her hollow caresses and pretty French epithets on Eugene in his parents' presence, and the little fellow requited her as well as if he had understood them, by preferring everybody else to her. The constraint of Lucy's presence was becoming intolerable to Adèle, and she took a new course, treating her with injustice and constant petulance, in the hope of driving her to seek a new service. But this was not easy to effect. Lucy had been early impressed with an aversion to change, as an evil in itself; and, besides, her love for Eugene would not permit her to desert him. She had no confidence in Adèle, and she considered herself pledged not to communicate her distrust till there was some further overt act on Adèle's part. There were, too, in her situation—where are there not?—some alleviating circumstances. She had the half of every



Sunday to go to church ; and true to the stroke of the bell, Charles Lovett was on the steps to go with her. She had often whole evenings, when Adèle had gone out without preparing her task-work, to read and write. She wrote often to her mother and Mrs. Lovett. Her separation from all she dearly loved sometimes brought the tears from her eyes to the paper ; but she wrote cheerfully, said nothing of her trials, or put them in the faint hues of the distance in the landscape, while her pleasures filled the foreground. The letters began and ended with some allusion to Charles. Sometimes " Charles thought the sermon the best he ever heard," or " Charles thought it not quite so instructive as the last Sabbath." " It was a rainy Sunday, and Charles prudently wore his old coat," or " it was such a beautiful Sabbath, and Charles looked so well in his new coat." " Last Sabbath, dear Mrs. Lovett, Charles laughed and said my old bonnet wanted a new riband and my old riband a new bonnet ; and so, to reconcile him, I told him how, remembering mother's advice, never to wear what was not suited to my circumstances, *though given to me*, I had declined a present from Mrs. Hartell of a French pink satin hat, hardly soiled at all. The next day he sent me the greatest beauty of a little straw bonnet with a white satin riband—I hope it will *never* wear out !" " Mother, there is one thing I wish you would tell me whether you think wrong. Charles and I always come the longest way home from church—it seems *very* short too." " Is not it strange Eugene should know Charles ? When I am holding him up at the window, and he sees him coming up the street, he

claps his hands ; but, oh, the poor little fellow is so affectionate ! When I come home he shouts as if he would go mad with pleasure."

Lucy had now been four months at the Hartells', and she was beginning to suffer the natural consequences of her position. Her principles rested too firmly on a sure basis to be shaken, and her dispositions were too sweet, they had too much natural force, to be easily impaired ; but her habits, like the habits of most young people, were flexible, and at the mercy of circumstances. She fared sumptuously every day, and in her steril and inactive life her meals became events. She had felt a blush steal into her cheek as she detected herself mentally wondering how she had existed day after day on rye-mush. Trained from infancy to early rising, it had seemed as natural to her as to the birds to rise when the day broke. At Mrs. Hartell's she occupied a sofa-bed in the nursery. At first it had seemed to her a real misery to wait, hour after hour in the morning, till it pleased Miss Adèle to have the blinds opened ; but, in the process of a few weeks, partly from keeping irregular hours at night, and partly from the facility that all young people have at sleeping, and partly, probably, from the physical indolence that seems ever ready to encroach on our energies, she became at first passive, and then, like the sluggard, she loved a little more folding of the arms to sleep, and a little more slumber.

From having been a very bee in her industry, she was falling into the lounging, desultory habits of the household. Sometimes she would be so hurried by Adèle that she was compelled to de-

spatch her work in the most slovenly manner, and then precious minutes and half hours that she had been taught to cherish as "the stuff that life is made of" were wasted in lounging about with the children, or gazing out of the window with them, listening to their comments on the fine clothes that were worn by those people whose only part in life seems to be to play walking advertisers for dressmakers. Dress was the constant theme at Mrs. Hartell's. Lucy had scarcely ever heard her mistress talk of anything else. Upon this topic Adèle was almost eloquent, and the little girls naturally adopted and repeated what they heard, so that life, in the aspect it now offered to Lucy, afforded ground for the fanciful theory of a certain writer, who supposes man, "that paragon of animals and quintessence of dust," to be made up of *clothes*. Lucy had been well fortified by her mother to resist this ruling passion of the house, but she was not exempt from the infirmity of her age and sex; and there is no knowing how long she might have resisted the deteriorating influences that make half the world creatures of mere sense and frivolity, had they not been suddenly interrupted.

Eugene had arrived at the teething period, trying to the soul of mothers and nurses. Lucy's days and evenings were devoted to soothing him. At night he was left to Adèle's tender mercies. Her virtue could not be expected to stand the test of his wakefulness and fretting, and repeatedly Lucy was startled from her deep sleep by the shrieks of the child; and when involuntarily she sprang to his bedside, the poor little fellow most beseechingly

stretched out his arms to her. She suspected that Adèle, in her impatience, inflicted some personal violence upon him, and particularly after hearing her assure Mr. Hartell the next morning that it was the cries of cats, and not his child's, that had awakened him. On the same morning she saw Eugene frequently put his hand to a part of the arm covered by his sleeve, and, on examining it, she found it black and blue, and looking as if it had been severely pinched. "Could Adèle," she asked herself, "have done this?" it seemed to her too fiendish an act; but suspicion had taken possession of her, and she determined to be watchful. She loved the child fondly, and felt the more tenderly for it from the carelessness of its natural protector.

The next night Eugene waked at his usual time, and his first whimper roused Lucy from her light slumbers. She took care to give no sign that she was awake. Adèle got out of bed, and taking up the night-lamp, and ascertaining, as she supposed, that Lucy was sleeping, she took a vial from under the pillow, dropped a few drops into Eugene's milk, and fed him. He soon fell asleep, and, as Lucy observed, slept late and heavily the next morning. All the next day Lucy was wretched. She shed bitter tears over the poor little boy, who, it seemed to her, would be the victim of his unprincipled nurse. She was uncertain as to the best course to pursue. She felt sure Adèle had given the child laudanum; but what use would there be in telling the mother so? Adèle would frame her own lies for the occasion, and would be believed; and then she herself would probably be sent off in disgrace, and no one would be left to comfort the poor little boy.

But had she not best address herself to the father? it would be easy to rouse his fears. He was now in Philadelphia, and expected home the next day. In the intervening night she might perhaps get some proof to substantiate her suspicions. Thus, with a prudence beyond her years, determining on her course, she was careful not to betray, by word or sign, her suspicions to Adèle. The next night Lucy lay awake with a beating heart till Eugene began his usual fretting. Adèle gave him his milk, and soothed him to sleep; but his sleep was restless, and she was long kept awake. Just as her breathing betrayed that she had fallen asleep, and Lucy, believing that all danger for that night was past, was yielding to the demands of nature, Eugene started up wide awake and screaming. This was too much for Adèle's patience. He had taken his milk, and she had no proper resource for quieting him, so she adopted that most convenient to herself; and rising, she took the vial from its hiding-place, and, with her back towards Lucy's bed, was in the act of dropping some drops into a spoon, when Lucy sprang upon her and wrested the vial from her hand. A scuffle ensued; and Adèle succeeding in regaining the vial, instantly threw it into the grate; and then, recovering her self-possession, as even weak persons sometimes do in great emergencies, she said, with forced calmness, "What is it all? Why let me not take my drops?"

"Your drops, Adèle! oh, don't think to deceive me! It was the drops I saw you give the baby last night! horrid laudanum!"

"Laudanum—I swear it was not—you have no proof it was laudanum."

"Have I not?" said Lucy, pointing to some drops that had fallen on the sleeve of her night-dress.

"They are on you, not on me. I will first tell the story to Mrs. Hartell—she will believe you—never—never."

"But Mr. Hartell will believe me; and as surely as he returns to-morrow I will tell him the whole truth."

Adèle's hardihood now forsook her utterly. She saw the abyss opening at her feet, and falling on her knees and wringing her hands, she besought Lucy to have pity on her. "I am away from my country," she said; "I left all to come with Mrs. Hartell—I have no friend in this country—nobody will care for me—nobody will pity me."

"I do pity you, Adèle—but—"

"But you will tell all to monsieur; is that what you call pity? Oh, Dieu merci! he will be like one tiger to me."

"And what have you been to this poor little helpless child that was trusted to you, Adèle? think of that." Lucy had taken up Eugene, and he had quietly lain his head on her bosom, and was looking up into her face as if he knew she was his guardian angel. Lucy caressed him tenderly; and then turning up the sleeve of his night-dress, she showed Adèle the traces of her violence on his arm. Adèle well understood her, but she said nothing. She perceived there was no use in any further lies to Lucy; and when Lucy added, "I know what my duty is; and though, as I told you, Adèle, I am very sorry for you, I will certainly do it." Adèle saw there was no use in any further supplication. She rose from her knees, and, after a

few moments' silence, she said, with a totally changed tone, "I will not be lost by one such young person as you."

Poor Lucy, little imagining how much this threat imported, took her protégée to her narrow bed, where they soon fell asleep together, while Adèle lay tossing on hers, and contriving a cruel plot.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### FALSE APPEARANCES.

THE next morning, while Mrs. Hartell was in the nursery, during some very common conversation about French embroidery, Adèle asked, as it seemed, casually, "if madame had found the superb cape she had missed." Mrs. Hartell said she had not; "that she and her maid had searched everywhere for it; she was sure it must have been stolen; and if it were not for letting Mr. Hartell know how much it cost, she would get him to inquire at the police-office."

"Oh, madame! cost so much! it was but seven hundred franc—one hundred and fifty dollar for the most superb 'broidery of Paris, and the full Mechlin trimming the most rich, is nothing at all!"

Mrs. Hartell was really mortified at having set a higher value on a particular sum than her *liberal* domestic, and she replied, "Oh, of course it is not the money it cost I care about; but there is not such another cape in New-York. Nobody has any-

thing like it. No one can get anything like it ; for I was assured in Paris the pattern was destroyed, and there never should be another like it."

"Does that make it any more valuable, mamma?" asked Miss Ophelia, who happily was yet ignorant of the ludicrous ambitions and rivalries of the dressing world.

"Certainly, my dear," interposed Adèle. "I lived with one lady who would not wear nothing everybody else wore ; and one time she burnt up one new pretty hat because she saw one just like it. Ah, madame, you must find that cape, so distingué—why not search your own house before you search the police?"

Mrs. Hartell shrugged her shoulders. "The servants will all be angry—and then Mr. Hartell will be angry."

"They cannot be angry with you, madame, for I make the proposition. I am one of the servants, and you shall search my trunk, my box, my bureau first." And, suiting the action to the word, she took her keys from her pocket and gave them to Ophelia, who, like all children, delighted with the idea of exploring, flew to Adèle's trunk ; and, opening it, exposed a confused mass of clothes, finery, little boxes, knickknacks, and toys of every description, such as would naturally be accumulated by a French femme de chambre. Miss Ophelia was so much amused that she seemed to have forgotten the object of her quest, and Adèle came to her aid, and saying, "You will never find the cape this way, Miss Ophelia," she proceeded with the keen scent of a trained policeman to ransack boxes, unroll stockings, turn the sleeves of dresses, shake out



the skirts, &c., &c., and thus she went through all her own repositories, of course finding not a thread that did not belong to her, for well had they been sifted that morning. "Now, Miss Ophelia," she said, "ask Lucy for her key to her one trunk—she always wear it round her neck—she very careful of her key—she have such rich clothes, you know."

"For shame, Adèle! I am sure Lucy looks prettier in her plain clothes than an old painted up person would, even dressed in mamma's clothes."

"Ophelia! no hints."

"Well, then, mamma, she need not hint at Lucy if she does not want to be hinted at; and besides, I won't unlock Lucy's trunk. She steal mamma's cape, indeed! I would trust her with all the gold in the world."

"Why don't you unlock your own trunk, Lucy?"

Lucy blushed deeply, and said "she had rather not." Adèle threw up both hands, and looking at Mrs. Hartell, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! est il possible?"

"No, it is *not* possible!" retorted Ophelia; and, fired by Adèle's insinuation against her favourite, she caught the riband by which Lucy's key was suspended and unlocked the trunk. On the top lay a pencil sketch of Charles Lovett, that he had the Sunday before given to Lucy. Ophelia grasped it, and held it up to Lucy archly. Lucy, trembling with embarrassment, begged her to give it to her; and while a little contest ensued between them, Adèle, casting, ever and anon, stolen glances at Mrs. Hartell, proceeded in her investigations. It was a short piece of work. There was something in the neatness and order with which our humble

friend's scanty stores were arranged that would have appealed even to Adèle's heart, if she had not been intent on self-preservation. "You must excuse me, Lucy," she said, as she shook out Lucy's frocks and unrolled her stockings; "I only serve you as I serve me myself—it is nearly finished, and then, as me, you will be tranquil—one thing more, and we have done—*look, madame!*" she took the last article, a cotton petticoat, from the bottom of the trunk, unfolded, and shook it. The cape fell from within it! There was a general exclamation. Adèle's reiterated "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" drowned every other. After the first burst of surprise Mrs. Hartell seemed entirely occupied with examining a zigzag tear in the cape, which marred her pleasure in her recovered property; a pleasure that otherwise would have engrossed her to the exclusion of all emotion at the discovery of such guilt in an apparently innocent young creature; for, in her eyes, Lucy was *but* a little servant girl; a species of the human genus with whom she had about as much sympathy as with the bees and the silkworm, whom she fancied were created *solely* to make honey for the table, and spin silk for ladies to wear. "Oh, Lucy! how could you? how could you?" exclaimed Ophelia, mortified and grieved.

Lucy was near fainting, and pale as death. Ophelia's exclamation brought the colour to her face, and tears and voice to her relief. "I did not take the cape," she said; "I don't know how it came into my trunk—Adèle must know!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* listen, madame! You have never seen one such bold person—one

such hypocrite—did you not suspect when she wished not her trunk examined?—did you not see her blush and tremble?—did she not turn pale as one guilty person when the cape dropped?—and now she accuse me! Ah, *c'est un horreur!*"

"Quite shocking, indeed!" responded Mrs. Hartell, faintly, her eyes still fixed on the rent in her cape. "Do you think, Adèle, Justine could darn this so it would not show?"

"I believe not, madame."

"If she had only stolen it, and not torn it," resumed Mrs. Hartell, "I could have forgiven her—but she really does deserve the penitentiary."

Adèle, bad as she was, started from such a consequence; and affecting to pity Lucy, she said, "*Ah, madame, she is very young!*"

"The penitentiary, mamma!" exclaimed Ophelia; "Lucy shall not go to the penitentiary—I will ask papa—he will be home before dinner—she shall not go to the penitentiary, if she is ever so guilty."

Lucy's distress was increased by her embarrassment as to what it was best for her to say or do; her faculties were stunned; she almost lost the sense of her identity. She felt alone, helpless, and exposed to judgment without mercy. Ophelia's affection touched the springs of her heart, and, as she afterward said, "first sent her thoughts to the right place;" and that, having breathed a silent trust in Him who seeth in darkness as well as in light, she felt more composed! Still the tears poured over her cheeks, and little Eugene, who sat on her lap, put up his hand and wiped off first one cheek and then the other; then put up his lips to

kiss her, and finding all did not do, he too burst into tears, and hid his face on her bosom. "Whatever becomes of me," thought Lucy, folding her arms round the little fellow, "I will do what I can for you!" and, after a little consideration, she resolved that she would, if possible, remain in the house till Mr. Hartell's arrival, and reserve her statement for his ear. In the mean time Adèle whispered to her mistress, and both retired for a few moments. In that interval Adèle strongly urged sending Lucy immediately off without other punishment than loss of character and loss of place. "If," she urged, "she stays till Mr. Hartell arrives, she will frame her own story—she will put everything upon me—Mr. Hartell will believe her—men always believe a very pretty young girl against one who has the misfortune to be not young—madame will be left without any French servant, and that dear angel, master Eugene, would speak English first, just as the young ladies had."

Convinced by these precious arguments, Mrs. Hartell returned to the nursery, and announced to Lucy that she must leave the house within an hour. Lucy entreated that she might be permitted to stay till evening, and Ophelia seconded her entreaties, and then declared she "should not go till papa came." Her mother's reiterated decision only made her more vehement, till Adèle whispered to her that if she cared for Lucy she had best let her go at once, for all the servants knew what had happened, and no one could say how soon a police-officer might be in the house. This roused the common childish terrors of an officer of justice, and she now urged Lucy to hasten her departure.

Lucy, however, resolved to abide all risks but that of leaving Eugene before his father was warned of his danger. Her resolution was, however, suddenly changed by the arrival of a letter from Mr. Hartell, saying that business had unexpectedly taken him to Richmond, Virginia. Now there was no reason for delay, but whither go? Though she had served all with whom she had lived faithfully, and had left them with a spotless character, they had never manifested that sort of interest in her that inspired the poor child with confidence to apply to them in her present stress. Had they performed their duty—had they been friends as well as employers, with what confidence might this poor girl have appealed to them, sustained as she was inwardly by that “strong-siding champion, conscience?” She thought of going to her mother at once; but though she was sure her mother would believe her story, others might not, and she could not bear the thought of returning to her with a blasted character. She hoped that if she remained in the city the truth might come out. Her heart prompted her to go at once to Charles Lovett; there she was sure of faith and sympathy to the full. But what could he do for her? nothing; while her resorting to a young man as her only friend might render her liable to further and more cruel imputations. What, then, should she do? She had not a shilling in the world, for two days before she had sent all her unexpended earnings to “dear Jemie.” Again she passed her employers in review, and among them Mrs. Ardley, always good-natured and kindly disposed, had made the most favourable impression, and she had half resolved to go and

tell her story to her, when a recollection of the lady whom she had seen at Mrs. Ardley's, the Mrs. Hyde who "talked so like mother," darted into her mind. The reminiscence seemed like a revelation from Heaven. "She had such feelings for servants," thought Lucy; "she will hear me, and give me good advice at any rate." Her decision made, she proceeded to the preparations for her departure. And first, undaunted by fear of Adèle, she asked to speak alone with Mrs. Hartell. To this Adèle objected, and that lady bade her say whatever she had to say without any fuss. She then, in spite of Adèle's interruptions and protestations, told the story of the laudanum calmly and exactly. There are few who give all the weight that should be allowed to general character against unfavourable appearances in a single case, especially if they have appealed to their own senses. Certainly Mrs. Hartell was not one of the exceptions. She had seen "*with her own eyes*" the cape taken from Lucy's trunk. She had witnessed Lucy's reluctance to have her trunk examined, and her confusion afterward; and she readily acquiesced in Adèle's suggestion, that the story of the laudanum was an after thought, "trumped up" to save herself, and to take revenge on Adèle for the part, innocent and unpremeditated! which she had in exposing Lucy's guilt. Lucy remembered the drops on her nightgown, and referring to them as a corroboration of her testimony, she produced it, but the stain was effaced! After a little hesitation, after again and again kissing Eugene, who clung to her as if he understood all that was going on, she told the story of his shrieks, and showed

the marks still on his arm. Adèle, quick as thought, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! l'ingrate! l'ingrate!" and proceeded to tell a story of Lucy having let Eugene fall on his coral bells, and bribed her to secrecy by many promises of future carefulness. Mrs. Hartell's maternal instincts were deadened. She listened with credulity to Adèle; and telling Lucy she had no more time to hear her falsehoods, bade her leave the house instantly. Poor Lucy embraced Eugene for the last time; and, crying as heartily as he did, she unlocked his arms from her neck, and gave him to Ophelia, whispering an entreaty that she would watch over him till her father's return. Ophelia answered by a burst of tears and outcries against Adèle; and Lucy, begging her to be quiet, left the room. The servants, who had heard through Ophelia the explosion in the nursery, gathered round her to express their sympathy and their detestation of Adèle. They all offered to speak a kind word for her wherever she went. Lucy was comforted by their good-will, and she left Mrs. Hartell's with a composure that, in her circumstances, would seem wonderful, did we not know the power of calm endurance in a soul conscious of integrity, and therefore stayed on God. "I am sure I have done right," she repeated to herself, "I am sure my mother will approve. I am sure the time will come when nobody can make Charles feel like blushing for me; and, more than all, I am sure that God, who knows all, is my friend, so I ought *not* to feel very unhappy—but, oh, poor little Eugene!" and she brushed the fast-coming tears from her eyes as she entered a shop to ask for a directory.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A NEW FRIEND.

LUCY ran her eye over all the Hydcs in the directory, and selecting fortunately the right one, she went to Hudson Square, and was admitted to one of the fine houses that overlook St. John's Park. She asked to speak with Mrs. Hyde, and was shown into a large room on the second floor. Mrs. Hyde looked up as she entered, and Lucy at once recognised the intelligent and benevolent countenance impressed on her memory. The recognition was not mutual, for the lady, merely saying, "Sit down, my child, I am busy just now," proceeded to look over an account-book, while a girl of fourteen stood by anxiously awaiting the result. Three of Mrs. Hyde's daughters sat by the window, one reading aloud a book of travels, one drawing, and another painting, and near them a seamstress plying her needle, and listening and enjoying with the rest. Two little girls of four and six were sitting beside their mother, hemming ruffles. "We must do them very neatly, Grace," said the youngest, "for mamma says Mrs. Lux will look at them with her spectacles; and besides, mamma says it is a shame to do work badly for a poor woman." Two boys were at a table with maps and slates, and there seemed to be in this hive but one unproductive labourer, a busy little urchin, who, among other miscellaneous mischief,



let fall a glass, which luckily not breaking, the little Pharisee exclaimed, "Was not that careful?" This excited a general laugh, and even our poor stranger's face relaxed into a smile, which the little girls, glancing their eyes towards her, caught, and one said in a low voice, but loud enough for Lucy to hear, "Don't she look sweet when she smiles?" and the other replied, "Yes; but I wonder what she has been crying so for?" and Lucy was relieved when Mrs. Hyde said, returning the account-book to the girl in waiting, "All is right, Harriet—girls, give Harriet joy!"

"No, give Mrs. Hyde thanks," said Harriet; "I never could have got on if you had not kept my courage up, Mrs. Hyde."

"Ah, we can only help those who help themselves, Harriet. What do you wish, my child?" to Lucy.

"To speak alone with you, ma'am," replied Lucy, in a tremulous voice, for the dread of asking trust and employment from a stranger to whom she must confess she was in disgrace, turned off as a liar and thief, took possession of her. Mrs. Hyde led the way to another apartment; when there, Lucy's brow contracted and her lips quivered. There is something irresistibly touching in the distress of the young. We expect storms in winter, but we shrink from the cloud that lowers over the promise of early summer. "What is the matter, my child?" asked Mrs. Hyde, so kindly that tears came to Lucy's relief, and she was emboldened to say, "You do not remember me, ma'am?"

"No, I do not."

"I never saw you but once, Mrs. Hyde, and that was a great while ago, when I lived at Mrs. Ardley's." Lucy paused, but Mrs. Hyde shook her head, and Lucy proceeded to refer to the conversation that she had then heard, to the circumstances Mrs. Hyde had recounted, and occasionally to the very words she had uttered, and finally reminding her of her own exclamation, "how much like mother she does talk!" she succeeded in recalling the image of the little girl, whose identity, though grown a head taller, she perceived. The most accomplished flatterer could not have devised a more ingenious mode of approach than Lucy, in her simplicity, had adopted. "I thought then, ma'am," she resumed, "that if ever I should have to apply to a stranger for advice and help, I should wish it were you."

"But why is it necessary for you to come to a stranger? You should have made friends before this time of life."

"I have friends, ma'am—*real* friends, that I could go to in any trouble," replied Lucy, her face brightening with a just pride, "but they are all a great way off—all, but one."

"Why not go to that one?"

"I did not feel as if that would be best, ma'am," she replied, casting down her eyes, and blushing so deeply that Mrs. Hyde, pitying her embarrassment, told her to proceed with her story. Lucy briefly sketched what the reader already knows: her mother's troubles, her different service-places, and finished by relating, fairly, every particular of the unfortunate affair at Mrs. Hartell's. Mrs. Hyde listened as a good judge listens to the tes-

timony in the case of a prisoner arraigned before him, anxious to get the truth, and leaning to a merciful interpretation where it could not be fully developed. "But why, my child," she asked, "if you were conscious of innocence, did you object to having your trunk opened?"

After a little faltering, Lucy replied that "there was a picture on the top of her trunk she did not wish seen."

"A picture!—of what? or whom?"

"Of that one friend, ma'am, I said I had in the city."

"And who is he?—and how long have you known him?"

"Ever since mother was in the deepest of her troubles; he was the first person that was kind to us, and he has been kind ever since."

"But you do not tell me who this friend is."

"Oh, Charles Lovett, ma'am."

"Ah, I understand now; the son of those friends you are so fond of?" After a little more questioning, cross-examination, and deliberation, Mrs. Hyde asked Lucy if she had any letters from her mother or from Mrs. Lovett; and finding she had, she said, if Lucy would let her see them, and if they corroborated her statements, she would take her, for the present, into her family. "I will not," she said, "send to inquire your character at the places where you lived so long ago. Suspicion might be excited by your not having referred me to the last place you was at."

"That was just what I thought, ma'am; but I did not suppose that anybody but mother and Mrs. Lovett would have thought so for me." Lucy was

yet to know in Mrs. Hyde a Christian woman, one to whom the wants of her fellow-creatures were claims, and who judged and felt in their affairs as if they were her own. To her might justly be applied Wordsworth's beautiful description of the man of Christian sympathy.

" By nature turned  
And constant disposition of his thoughts  
To sympathy with man, he was alive  
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,  
And all that was endured."

Mrs. Hyde saw in Lucy a young creature who, if her story were true, and truth was stamped on her countenance, was in most forlorn circumstances. The simplicity of her manner and the directness and consistency of her statements were in her favour, and it seemed scarcely possible she could be guilty of the complicated iniquity in which a supposition of the falsehood of her story involved her. At any rate, it was in conformity with Mrs. Hyde's principles and experience to "hope all things of the young;" and, true to her theory, she sent to Mrs. Hartell's for Lucy's trunk. When that came she examined Mrs. Lovett's and Mrs. Lee's letters sufficiently to corroborate Lucy's statement, and then she permitted her to enter upon the duties of her new situation. A previous duty, however, she performed. "I cannot," she said to Mrs. Hyde, "rest easy a minute without writing to Mr. Hartell about the danger poor little Eugene is in. If you only knew what a sweet little fellow he is, Mrs. Hyde!"

"No child, Lucy, should be left in the hands of such a person as you describe that nurse. Write

yourself to Mr. Hartell at Richmond. Tell your own story. I will add a postscript. Perhaps he may yet ferret out the truth for you."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. Hyde; but it's little Eugene that I am anxious about. My conscience is clear, and that is comfort enough for me."

"The girl has the true secret of *comfort*," thought Mrs. Hyde. "As this is a broken day, Lucy," she said, "and I want you to get all troubles off your mind, let us send for that 'one friend' of yours, and acquaint him with your change of place." Lucy, at first, feared he would be instigated by the injustice she had suffered to some rash act; but the desire to communicate her good and evil fortune controlled her; and, with many thanks, she assented to Mrs. Hyde's proposal. Charles instantly answered to the summons, and in an hour's time had heard the whole story from Lucy's lips; and, with the impetuous resentment natural to his age, had vowed that "he would go instantly to Mrs. Hartell's—that he would shoot Adèle if she did not tell the whole truth—yes, he would blow her up sky-high." Lucy, after a while, convinced him that though this mode of proceeding might punish Adèle, it would not establish her innocence, nor extricate her from the labyrinth in which Adèle's arts had involved her. He still insisted that he could not go quietly back to his work while she was lying under such an imputation. "Why, Lucy," he said, "I positively had rather walk the fiery furnace with Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego."

"Oh, don't talk so—please, Charles."

"It is foolish and wrong, I know, when you are

really the one in the furnace ; but then it does not even scorch you, for your conscience is like the angel that walked with those men, while mine, Lucy, will torment me if I go quietly about my business just as if nothing had happened. Am I not, Lucy, the only protector you have in the city, besides being your—your—your—only friend, Lucy ?”

“No, Charles, not my only one. It would be wrong to say so, when I have found such a friend as Mrs. Hyde. Leave all to her—please, Charles.”

Charles at first flatly refused, urging that Mrs. Hyde did not know Lucy enough to judge in the matter ; but at last, subdued by Lucy’s gentle entreaties, he yielded, though declaring “it was deused hard ;” and, in compliance with Mrs. Hyde’s advice, he promised to remain passive till Mr. Hartell’s return.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## A HAPPY FAMILY.

MR. HYDE, one of the wealthy and busy merchants of the city of New-York, was happy in the confidence, resulting from long experience, that his home was regulated in the best manner without his interference or supervision. In all important matters, such as the proper amount of their annual expenses, the destiny of their children in life, their religious, moral, and intellectual education, the father and mother consulted and co-operated. In his pecuniary affairs Mr. Hyde had no secrets from his wife. He did not cautiously hide from her his successes, and pour into her troubled ear his losses and disappointments, nor did he show only the bright side, and conceal every rising cloud, as if she were as weak as a sick child, till the storm burst on her unprepared head, but she was made perfectly acquainted with his affairs, and conformed her expenditures thereto. She kept her accounts accurately. Within the limits she prescribed to herself she expended liberally, acting nobly up to that truth which most admit, that in our country there are manifold reasons against, and none for, accumulating *fortunes* for children. She never disturbed her husband with the details of her domestic economy. She never bothered him with

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complaints of her servants, with consultations about her table, her furniture, or her childrens' dress ; all these matters she arranged, and he enjoyed the results. We would not imply that all husbands who do not adopt this system of noninterference, and who do not act up to the spirit of a confidential and equal matrimonial partnership, are in fault. We acknowledge, with sorrow and humiliation, that there are many wives not capable of acting "well their part" in their own sphere, and that few deserve the unqualified confidence Mrs. Hyde had painfully earned by her self-education. But since the discovery is made that a woman is capable of something besides praying, loving, sewing, and spinning, or, to cite Molière's own words, that it is *not* enough

" Pour elle à vous en bien parler,  
De savoir prier Dieu, m'aimer coudre et filer ;"

her talents should be cultivated with reference to her whole domestic duty.\* It is as consummate a folly to permit an *American* girl to grow up ignorant of household affairs, as it would be to omit mathematics in the education of an astronomer, or the use of the needle in the training of a milliner. But, leaving our theory to the consideration of mothers, we proceed to the homely details of Mrs. Hyde's housewifery. This lady had now been married seventeen years. Her eldest daughter was sixteen, her youngest less than a year. After the four years of her novitiate, she has rarely

\* "Talents," says Sir James McIntosh, "are the habitual powers of execution."



changed her domestics, "preferring" (we quote the words of an admirable mistress of a family) "the trouble of dismissing her servants' faults to the pain and manifold disadvantage of dismissing them." She bore in mind that they were the weak and neglected children of the great family, doomed by circumstances to be wanderers and aliens, and subject to wrong biases and bad influences. She was patient and long suffering with them, willing to forbear, to toil, and wait, if, in the touching language of Scripture, she might "thereby save a brother."

About the time of Lucy's entrance into the family, there had been a general change of operatives, and none of those long proved remained save Clara Lane, better known by her alias of "mammy." Davis, Mrs. Hyde's man, had served her for fourteen years, and continued to perform his humble duties accurately, after the avails of his industry, fortunately invested by Mr. Hyde, amounted to three thousand dollars.\*

\* As I wish to avoid the imputation of exaggeration, I venture to state a corresponding fact in the family of a gentleman, by birth, education, and station one of the first men in Massachusetts. I chanced to be dining at his house, when he said to his wife (we had just returned from a drive to Mount Auburn), "How do you like your new horses?" "Mine!—you surely have not bought them?—we do not want them." "No, not exactly, but Horace" (the coachman) "took such a fancy to them I could not deny him." On making some inquiries about the domestic thus indulged, I found he had served the family some twenty years; that he was worth between 6 and 7,000 dollars; that he was a colonel in the militia; and that, at public dinners in Boston on gala days, he took precedence of his employer and his employer's son, both men of the first consideration in the city. He waited at table with perfect respectfulness and propriety. Of course his attachment to the family alone retained him in their service. Is not this instance worth a volume

Then his attachment to the Hydes being mastered by a long-ripening attachment to Mrs. Hyde's seamstress, he married, and removed to the land of promise—the indefinite *West*. Mrs. Hyde's cook, a worthy maiden of fifty, and most accomplished in her art, having succeeded to an inheritance of some half dozen nieces, was advised by her mistress to set up a pastry-cook's establishment. The young girl whose book of accounts Mrs. Hyde was overlooking at the moment of Lucy's introduction was one of the aforesaid nieces, whom Mrs. Hyde had rescued from a drunken father some years before, and who had recently been qualified for bookkeeper to her aunt by Ella Hyde's instructions. The chambermaid had achieved the usual destiny of our countrywomen, had married, and (unlike most persons in her condition) had completely furnished a snug little house from her savings, besides reserving something against a wet day. Now all these virtues and prosperity, to be transmitted and spread in widening circles, were,

of speculation upon the possible happiness of domestic service, and the exercise of the virtues in the relation of employers and employed?

We trespass so far upon private correspondence as to insert here a tribute to American domestics, contained in a letter written by Mrs. Butler after her recent departure for England. "I left all my own household *crying*, and entreating to return to me whenever I returned; and do you know my heart smote me so dreadfully for what I had said about American servants, that I felt as if I must turn round on the threshold of my own door and beg all their pardons." It must be remembered to the honour of employer and employed in this case, that attachment, and not necessity, was the bond. Mrs. Butler's domestics could probably command fifty places on the day they left her house. Mrs. Butler's compunction was more generous than just, for, in her much-abused journal, she has given an unqualified testimony to the truth and integrity of American servants.

for the most part, the result of the fidelity of one mistress of a family !

Before Lucy retired for the night, Mrs. Hyde took her aside to give her the necessary instructions. "Are you an early riser, my child?" she asked.

"I have not been of late, ma'am—I used to be ; but I find what mother said is true—it takes a great while to form good habits, and a very little while to fall into bad ones."

"You will find, too, that it is not difficult to recover good habits once formed. In the mean time my daughter Susan will call you."

"Your daughter, ma'am!—do your young ladies rise as early as the servants?"

"Yes—often earlier. Time, you know, Lucy, is most precious to those who make the best use of it. I do not like to see one minute wasted, and least of all by my children."

"I always thought, ma'am, that young ladies must have more sleep than servants."

"No," replied Mrs. Hyde, smiling ; "I believe that young persons who live in one part of the house require just as much sleep as young persons who live in another part of it. In those families where there are idle members and working members, the workers, of course, require most."

"Ma'am!" said Lucy, in a sort of maze. We believe that Lucy's surprise was owing to her very limited experience ; but certainly, in the three wealthy families in which she had lived, she had never seen a practical acknowledgment that all the members were governed by the same physical laws. "I mean, Lucy," resumed Mrs. Hyde,

"that all my family must have as much sleep as their constitutions require, and no more. It is a kind of suicide to allow more time than is necessary to sleep. When you are up, Lucy, do you not wish, before you begin your day's work, a little time to yourself?"

"I always had it, ma'am, when I lived at home and at Mrs. Lovett's; but no one else that I have lived with ever spoke to me about it, or seemed to remember that a servant might want time to say her prayers."

"Have you lived without them, then?"

"Indeed I have not, Mrs. Hyde. Mother always told us that the heart can rise to God in prayer at any time, just as a little child, when it is in the room with its mother, whatever happens, turns its eyes to her. Sometimes in the thickest of my work, and always when I feel either very glad or very sorry—" Lucy paused, and a blush overspread her cheek; she was abashed at the thought of how freely she, who had never spoken on such subjects but to her mother, was confiding her spiritual experience. "Go on, my child," said Mrs. Hyde, with a smile so sweet and kind that Lucy forgot everything but that she was talking to one who listened with interest. "I was only going to say, ma'am, that I could always pray, even at Mrs. Hartell's, where there was no outward sign there was a God—except little Eugene, and he seemed to me just like an angel from heaven; and I felt sometimes, when his head lay on my bosom, as if we were worshipping together."

"Oh, how much better is this true worship," thought Mrs. Hyde, "than formal prayers and set

days." "Maintain this spirit, my dear child," she replied; "this is praying without ceasing. Take a few moments before you leave your room to consider your duty to God and your duties in the family. A sense of our responsibility to God will make us faithful in the discharge of our duties to one another. I try to make all who live with me feel that they are working for something besides the wages I pay them—for something higher than my favour—far better than my affection—for the love of God. In this service we are all fellow-workers and fellow-servants. Is not this a bond strong enough to bind us all together, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" Lucy wiped away the tears that poured over her cheeks. "If mother only knew what a place I am in now, I should be willing she should know all my troubles."

"Wait, Lucy, till you have tried us—you young people are apt to take anticipations for experience. But I am getting on slowly in my instructions to you. You will have the waiter's work to do till my new waiter comes. One thing will perhaps be new to you in my house, Lucy. I do not confine any person to a single department, and I will tell you why; for I find, if the reason of my arrangements is understood, they are apt to be better liked. In the first place, I wish my domestics to remain with me as long as it is for our mutual welfare to live together. I have observed that the jealousies and bickerings among domestics often arise from disputes about their work. One says, this is not my work; and another, that is not mine; and Mary imposes, and Biddy shirks. Now I wish each one to be capable of performing the duty of the other,

and to have that spirit of kindness that she will be willing to do it, and sure that the favour will be returned. And besides, Lucy, if a woman spends years in nothing but cooking, when she has a family of her own how will she know how to take care of her house, take care of her children, make their clothes, &c.? or, if she spends ten years in the nursery, she will not know how to cook her husband's dinner. My girls all get married after a while; and I wish that, while they are serving me, they should have that sort of education that will enable them to make their own homes prosperous and happy."

"That's very kind of you, ma'am—but does not changing works so make a great deal of confusion?"

"No confusion arises, Lucy, from your being my chambermaid this summer and my seamstress next winter—to be sure, I must teach you to sew well, but the next year that will prove a great gain to us both. No, Lucy, confusion in families arises from ignorance, bad temper, jealousy, and disobligingness; never, I believe, from being well qualified to perform any office, and willing to serve in it."\*

"I am sure you will find me willing, Mrs. Hyde,

\* In those countries where the whole life is passed in servitude, the principle of a division of labour is not so objectionable. It is certainly most convenient to the employer. He who devotes all his mind and the whole of his life to making the hinges of a watch will make them more accurately than he who constructs the whole watch. But if by any chance the hingemaker is ejected from that department, he is good for nothing. An accomplished English servant is always found inferior for the service of an American family to a well-brought up American domestic, whose faculties are thoroughly developed by our miscellaneous service.

and it will be my fault if I do not become capable. Who shall I ask to show me where to find the breakfast things, ma'am?"

"It is Susan's turn this week to see to such matters. You will have everything ready at half past seven precisely. Susan will show you how to arrange the breakfast-room."

"Miss Susan, ma'am!—is not that the young lady who was taking the French lesson?"

"Yes."

"She show me, Mrs. Hyde! she does not seem older than Miss Ophelia Hartell."

"Susan is past nine."

"And Miss Ophelia is ten. What a difference!" Lucy did not explain further, nor did Mrs. Hyde inquire. Poor Ophelia's operative faculties were as undeveloped as a child's born without hands.

"When you go up to bed, Lucy," resumed Mrs. Hyde, "take a pail of water with you. You will find all conveniences for washing. Wash yourself from head to foot. This I require of all persons under my control at least once in twenty-four hours; it will contribute to your health, and in a little while you will find it essential to your comfort." She then commended Lucy's very neat arrangement of her hair, and enjoined particular attention to her teeth; and Lucy, all astonishment at this maternal interest, was reminded of Mrs. Broadson having on a certain occasion said to her, "A fine pass things have come to when even servants must brush their teeth—why, I had never heard of a toothbrush at your age!"

"She seems just as kind as mother, or Mrs. Lovett," thought Lucy, as Mrs. Hyde bade her

good-night; and, grateful for the storm that had driven her into such a harbour, she retired to her sleeping apartment. This she shared with Martha, the chambermaid. They had separate beds. A portable screen divided the room into two parts, securing to each, if desired, privacy. Martha, having had sole possession for three or four weeks, seemed to feel it her part to do the hospitalities of the apartment. She was, as is obvious, an American. "Here," she said, "is a tub to wash you, and plenty of nice soap. Mrs. Hyde is the most *musical* woman about washing, and the whole family are like ducks—but every one has notions! Here is a large closet, with shelves and drawers—no locks—and there's none on their own! You must keep your things in their places; for, when you least expect it, Mrs. Hyde or one of the girls goes the rounds, and everything is put in a heap in the second story entry. I tell you I felt beat when I found my flannel petticoat there beside one of the little ladies best bonnets! Is not it a pretty room? this nice matting is so easy to keep clean, and blinds, and as good mattresses as any lady could wish, and everything so tidy about the beds, and a looking-glass that don't make you look as if your face was all agee; and only see here!" she added, withdrawing a little green curtain, "see this shelf of books; not the Bible only, but a whole row, to instruct and entertain you too—and, what is more, she loves to have you get time to enjoy yourself reading; and the long and the short of it is, that she and all her children seem to have a realizing sense that their help have minds and hearts as well as they. I have lived in a great many places, and



with good people that behaved, some of them, I am free to own it, handsomer to me than I did to them ; but never did I see a family I respected as I do Mr. Hyde's. It makes you feel like folks to have such a room as this, instead of a little stived up place, with just a nail here and there to hang your gowns on, broken chairs, a tottering table, and a bed that looks and feels any how. Such things show which way the wind blows ; what rich folks think of poor folks. 'The ladies' rooms will be fixed off with everything, wardrobes, bureaux, dressing-tables, sofas, lounges, looking-glasses of all shapes and sizes, curtains, and piles of mattresses, perfumes enough to strangle you, and all sorts of notions that have no use but just to be taken care of and make work for us—something of a contrast to our sky-rooms ! It gives one thoughts to think of it, and feelings too. Times are changed. It's no longer lords and ladies in the parlour, and slaves in the kitchen ; but it's a kind of partnership concern, and in this family your share is fairly divided out to you ; and I freely own, that if I could stay here, I should be contented to be help all my life."

"Contented and most thankful, I should think," said Lucy, availing herself of Martha's very first pause to express her sentiment.

"Why, yes, kind o' and kind o' not thankful, that, if you must live out, you live in such a place ; but not thankful that you have not a home of your own—*home is home*, and we always hanker after it ; but contented—yes—quite contented." How long Martha's garrulity might have led her on expressing, in her homely way, her not very dim perceptions of the present modification of the relation be-

tween employers and employed, we know not, for her harangue was cut short by Lucy's adverting to her vigil of the preceding night; and both, after duly honouring Mrs. Hyde's *notions* by performing the prescribed ablutions, retired to bed.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### A DAY AT MRS. HYDE'S.

"WAKE up, Lucy!" said a kindly voice, and Lucy opened her eyes, and saw Susan Hyde at her bedside wrapped in her little dressing-gown. "Mamma told me to wake you as soon as I was up. By the time you are dressed I shall be ready to show you about the breakfast."

"I am sorry," said Lucy, when they afterward went down stairs together, "to give you this trouble, but I trust once showing will serve."

"Oh! it's no trouble at all. We children have had it all to do ever since Davis was married, three weeks ago. The only disagreeable thing is asking Violet, our new cook, to help bring in the table—she is always so cross in the morning."

"I should not think your mother would keep her if she is so cross to you."

"Mercy! Mamma never sends away anybody for one fault—at least, not till she has tried, and we have all tried, our best to cure it. When we children get provoked, mamma reminds us of what

some good man says, that *perfection bears with imperfection*, and she says she fears we have a great many faults ourselves that we are so impatient with others—and that makes us a *little* ashamed\*—take care, Lucy—you have not got the crumb-cloth quite straight—mamma's eyes are just like a plumb-line—that will do. Now ask Violet—please—to help you in with the table." Lucy made the request in the humblest manner; but it was *before breakfast* with poor Violet, and she was possessed by the demon of dyspepsy, who does not always spare the humble, though his visitations be chiefly to the exalted. She came up stairs grumbling, "I sha'n't stay here if they don't get a man—it's not my work to lug in the table—I wonder what it's dragged out for?—to have me drag it in, I suppose."

"I am very sorry to trouble you," said Lucy, "but it is Mrs. Hyde's order that the table shall not be lifted by one alone."

"Oh, I dare say—it's easy giving orders."

"Don't you feel as well as usual this morning, Violet?" asked Susan.

"I feel well enough."

"Oh! stop a minute, Violet," called a little girl who was coming down stairs with a bottle and glass in her hand.

\* A successful case of forbearance with a very serious fault occurred in the family of a lady most exemplary in her relation to her domestics. She met her cook coming from the store-room with her apron full of pilfered tea. After a long conversation with the woman, in which she was made to feel her sin and folly, her mistress offered to retain her in her service, to keep her trespass a secret, and to trust her as usual. This she did. The woman continued to live with her for a long time, and served her most faithfully and gratefully.

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"What's wanted *now*?" barked out Violet.

"Nothing," replied little Grace, taken aback, "only mamma sent you down a glass of Congress water, and says, if you will try it every morning for two or three weeks, she thinks it will make you as pleasant as anybody."

Violet's colour mounted to the roots of her hair. "Why, Gracie!" exclaimed Susan, "I am sure mamma did not say that."

Poor Grace replied, somewhat fluttered, "Well, Susan, she said that—that is, she said—I mean—oh, I don't know what she said—only she *meant*, if Violet was as well, she would be as good-natured as any of us." Violet's irritability, which was really merely symptomatic, was overcome by this view of the case; she was the first to smile, and, having drank the water, she thanked the little cup-bearer, and bade her thank her mother, in so changed a tone, that one might have fancied the water had the miraculous virtue of that prescribed by the prophet.

When Mrs. Hyde appeared she bestowed a kind word of approbation on Lucy for the prime order in which she found everything. Lucy transferred the praise to Susan, who, she said, understood a waiter's work as well as if she were brought up to it. Mrs. Hyde's children were "brought up" to all the details of housewifery. Before breakfast the family, every member of it, assembled and joined in a common supplication and a common thanksgiving to the Father of all.

During the meal, which was not hurried, as if the only reason for meeting round the table were to consume the food and enjoy *that*, Susan told her

father some interesting particulars she had heard from a country lady of the best mode of rearing and taking care of silkworms, and how much finer and more plentiful the silk was if the worm was well fed, and kept clean and healthy. "And don't you think, papa," said little Grace, "she got to love them—love a worm—wasn't that funny?"

"No," interposed Susan; "for how often has papa told us we should love anything we took *good* care of."

"Well, then, Sue, I guess that is the reason mammy loves us so well—she takes such *good* care of us."

"You have guessed pretty right, Grace," said her father, smiling at her modest explanation of her mammy's tenderness; "but can you tell me, Susan, who first found out a mode of unwinding the silk from the cocoon?" "No, sir." "Can you, Gifford?" "No, sir." "Can you, Ella?" "No, sir." "Nor you, mamma?" "No, sir." A smile went round with the negative, and as Mrs. Hyde pronounced hers, her eye met Lucy's. She saw the girl was listening with lively interest, that her lips moved as if she were on the point of speaking, but were restrained by modesty. "Do you know, Lucy?" she asked. Instead of the monosyllable she expected, Lucy answered, diffidently, "I believe, ma'am, it was an Empress of China called Lou-it-see."\*

"Why, who told *you*, Lucy?" asked Grace. Lucy said nothing till Mr. Hyde authorized a reply

\* Raynal states that Lou-it-see was made a divinity for her great discovery, and called the spirit of the mulberry and silk-worm.

by asking where she had learned the fact. She said her mother was trying to have her brother learn to take care of silkworms, and that, seeing the advertisement of a book about them, she had purchased and read it before she sent it. "There's an example for you, my children," said Mr. Hyde; "you see that, by keeping your eyes and ears open, you may get knowledge on every hand, and communicate it." He then proceeded to state some facts in relation to the varieties of the worm and the mulberry, the extent and value of the silk product, and the immense amount of our importation of the manufactured article. Lucy was better qualified by her early education than most persons in her position to profit by such a conversation, and it seemed to her a great privilege to have the place of waiter in such a family.\* She naturally compared the scene before her to corresponding ones; to the tête-à-tête breakfast at the Broadsons', where the steril talk, on the part of the husband, was of profits projected or achieved; on the part of his helpmate, a boast of a *bargain*, a pharisaical vaunt, or some improved plan of stinting in domestic economy. The Ardleys did not suffer so much by the comparison, for there were the redeeming qualities of good-humour and kind-

\* There is a volume of poems about to issue from the press in this city, written by a person whose life has been spent in domestic service. Upon some one expressing to the author surprise at the knowledge indicated by the poems, and asking where she obtained it, she replied, "I have always lived in the society of intelligent and cultivated people." And so she had. Some of these poems would not dishonour *any name* in our land. We trust their publication will increase the consideration of the *fortunate* for their "inferiors only in position."

ness, and there the children's chattering, and mamma's and papa's talk of the ball that was last evening, and the dinner that was to be to-morrow, and the new dress this lady wore, and the new horses that gentleman drove, were—something better than nothing. At the Hartells' there was worse than a total loss of this immensely powerful engine in domestic education, the family meeting at the social board, for there the children were abandoned to the vitiating influence of unprincipled servants; the father hurried down his coffee to escape as early as possible from the conjugal atmosphere; and the wife, at ten or eleven, dawdled alone and in vacuity over her distasteful breakfast. At the Simsons' there was simply the gratification of hungry healthy animals. To the Lovetts, "*the dear Lovetts*," Lucy recurred with pride and joy. There she had seen, under a more homely aspect, the same intelligence and goodness manifest in the interchange of domestic offices, and in imagination she—but we will not betray her; what girl or woman does not construct a home for herself, and weave her own golden fabric of domestic joys?

After breakfast Lucy proceeded to the duties of her new place, instructed, whenever she needed instruction, by her little directress Susan, who, like the divinities of the ancient fable, interposed at the moment of necessity, and then returned to her own element.\*

\* Some may doubt the competency of a child, not ten years old, to perform the tasks assigned to Susan. We have lately seen a girl not ten, the daughter of a Polish exile, who seven years ago lived not only in affluence, but luxury, the sole nurse of her mother through a lying-in, and performing the duty well, besides accomplishing various other domestic services. When

As we have said, Lucy entered Mrs. Hyde's family at the moment of a general change of the officers of her household ; of course, the domestic machine did not work without some trifling impediments and jars. "Martha," asked Mrs. Hyde, "have you any objection to changing works with Violet for a few weeks?" Martha did not appear to comprehend. "You know I stipulated that you were to change works whenever I requested you."

"Oh, yes, ma'am—I calculated to be obliging, and so forth, whenever any of the folks are sick, and so on—but as to taking up cooking for a business—I can't cook anything but boiled victuals—mother could—father used to say she beat all at a potpie and a roaster."

Mrs. Hyde smiled at this vaunt of the mother's skill in what our rustic folk consider the ne plus ultra of the culinary art. "I dare say, Martha," she resumed, "your father thought a great deal of your mother for her skill in these matters ; and would you not like to increase your value in some good fellow's eyes by understanding thoroughly plain cooking? If you mean to have a home of your own one of these days, Martha, it will be for your advantage, as well as for mine and Violet's, that you should go into the kitchen for a month or so—of course you take the cook's wages, and she yours." Mrs. Hyde had touched the right spring. No American girl's perspective is without a home and a good husband, and Martha, after premising that she should spoil everything she touched, consented. "Thank you, Martha," said Mrs. Hyde,

some astonishment was expressed to the mother, "Ah!" she replied, "necessity is a great teacher!"



"I trust you will spoil nothing. Our every-day dinner is a simple affair—to-day boiled fowls, a tongue, a beefsteak, potatoes, turnips, and a rice pudding. My daughter Ella will give you all necessary assistance and directions; *observe* them to-day, and *remember* them to-morrow, Martha." Martha promised to do her best, and performed her promise, but her *best* had many imperfections. She was careless, prodigal, and talkative, but she had the sterling qualities of truth, honesty, capacity, and attachableness; and, after a thorough trial of the patience of her instructor and of the consumers of her productions, and after much discouragement, some tears, and a little fretting on her part, she acquired the art of cooking skilfully, neatly, and frugally, and felt that she had gained knowledge which would be wealth to her. We give her own view of the case in one of her gossipings with Lucy some months after. "I declare, Lucy, I would not, if the silver money were offered to me, take a thousand dollars for what I have learned since I came to this house. At first I could not feel reconciled to chopping and changing works; but when I came to realize it was for our advantage, I felt different, for it would be a sight easier for Mrs. Hyde to let us go round and round in the mill just as we were used to. It's so seldom ladies think of anything but their own profit, that it makes us kind o' jealous. When I came here I did not know how to do anything well but chamber-work, and now I would not turn my back upon the king for any kind of plain cooking, or making broths and gruels, and such things for sick folks, or any kind of housework, and sewing, patching, and darning into the bargain."

"But, Martha, you have not made the progress with your needle that Biddy has."

"La, no—I guess not—because I had the start of her at first—Miss Amy had to begin at the beginning with her; she did not know any more about handling a needle than you do about sailing a ship. Never did I see anything like Miss Amy's patience. She was copying that *pictur* of the Virgin Mary, and she would lay down her brushes without a wry look, and show Biddy how to fix on her patch, and, by the time her brush was going again, Biddy would get it all askew. She does it by plummet and rule now, but she is the first Irish person I ever saw that could put a patch on straight, which shows it's all in teaching—they an't stupid, but they an't privileged to use their faculties when they are young."

"Miss Amy is a beautiful seamstress," said Lucy; "she even excels my mother."

"Oh, they all beat all!" resumed Martha. "I don't mind our folks speaking all sorts of outlandish lingos, and painting, and playing on the *piany*, and so forth—a great many ladies that are of no use in the world—what you may call mere ornamental furniture, can do that; but what I respect them for is their understanding business, so that, if Mr. Hyde were to break to-morrow, they would be as independent as I am."

Some may smile at Martha's opinion that fortune and mere accomplishments made an accidental elevation, but we get the most accurate knowledge of life by viewing it from every position. Lucy took another view. "I respect them too, Martha," she said, "for what you do, but I love them for

being so kind to everybody—not only do they treat us as if we belonged to them, but there is not one, even down to Gracie, that is not teaching some poor ignorant creature something. Did you ever see anything prettier than Gracie teaching English to those little German children, that they have saved from destruction, as it were? If every family were like this, there would be an end to poverty and misery.”

“That’s the Millennium, child! One swallow don’t make a summer.”

But we are anticipating. Violet’s co-operation was essential to the execution of Mrs. Hyde’s plan for the general good. She, like all English servants, had been trained to one department of labour; she had the suspicion common to foreign servants (does it arise from experience?) that her employer would impose on her, and she was anxious to obtain the highest wages, being apprehensive, from the state of her health, that she should soon be cut off from all labour. But, after a long conversation with Mrs. Hyde, she was convinced that that lady had no sinister motives—that she sacrificed present convenience to the future advantage of both employers and employed, and she gratefully accepted the opportunity of trying the effect upon her health of a removal from the heat and steam of the kitchen.

Mrs. Hyde did not hire her domestics for a month or a season, and therefore she could make a present sacrifice for a prospective good. Neither did she expect to retain them always. She knew that, in this country, where avenues for progress are open on every side, there must be changes, and one of her objects was to qualify those she em-

ployed for the happier condition that probably awaited them—to be the masters and mistresses of independent homes.\* In short, that axiom of political economy, whose illustration should be the object of all government, was the rule of hers, “the greatest happiness of the greatest number.”

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A family fête concluded Lucy's first day at Mrs. Hyde's. It chanced to be Clara Lane's (mammy's) birthday. Clara had lived with Mrs. Hyde from the time of her marriage. She had taken care of all her children, from her firstborn to the youngling of the flock—the present little pet and idol of the house. Mammy had knit herself to the hearts of the children. She had watched them by night and by day through the diseases of childhood. She had been patient and gentle in all their impatience and irritability. She had overcome their little selfishnesses by the example of her generosity and self-denial. She had shown to all a steady and equal kindness; in short, she had been a second mother to them. And on her part she had been cared for, refreshed when wearied, nursed when sick, and, when in health, her comfort and gratification studied; so that, though now declining from middle life, so far from being “used up,” like most of those who have spent a life in the service of children, she was vigorous and cheerful, and looking forward to a tranquil old age, when the young plants she had trained should succour and shelter her. This was her birthday, and Mrs. Hyde hav-

\* One of those skilful housewives, who have the *luck* of having good domestics, said to me, “My only trouble is that my girls will get married.”

ing asked her to invite her friends to tea, the little girls busied themselves in preparing the nursery for their reception. Each brought some little favourite embellishment, shells, pictures, &c., from her own apartment to deck "mammy's."

Susan was mistress of ceremonies, and little Grace, and Kate, a child of five years, her ministers. They served the tea, and in due time tastefully arranged a supper-table, on the middle of which they placed a vase of flowers culled for the occasion from their own cherished plants. When the fruit, &c., was served, little Kate stole up to Miss Lane with a plate covered by her silk apron; and throwing off this screen, and looking archly from the brightest, most mischievous eyes, "No chicken-salad, no oranges, no grapes for naughty mammy!" she said, and presented her a breast-pin enclosing the interwoven hair of the children. Before mammy could speak or dash off the tear that trembled in her eye, Susan, holding the smiling baby in her arms, repeated the following lines composed by her sister.

"Come Susy, Grace, Jeanie, come Kitty, I say,  
And wish your dear mammy a happy birthday:  
Come Willie, yes, sweet little baby, come too,  
And crow to your mammy a loving 'a-goo!'

"We have braided and set in a rim of bright gold,  
The hair that you've comb'd and you've curl'd times  
untold;

'Tis but a small proof of the love that we bear  
To her who has watch'd us with unceasing care."\*

\* These simple lines were written and presented on a similar occasion by a girl of twelve years.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

LUCY, in her new sphere, which she felt to be a high and happy one, was daily acquiring knowledge in the domestic arts, and daily gaining on the faults she had contracted in her various service-places. Never was there an eye more vigilant than Mrs. Hyde's; never a quicker perception of the faults of those of whom she had the supervision. But hers was the keen perception of the parent, and the admonition that followed it was gentle; for, in imitation of Him whom she served, "love was her motive and reformation her object." Lucy received long letters from her mother, assuring her of her welfare, telling her that her sisters were well placed, and that Jemmie was profiting by her remittances. We insert a postscript written by himself. "The first letter that ever I write, I long ago said should be to dear, *dear* Lucy; and here it is. Can you read it? It's pretty crooked, but that is because my hand trembles, thinking I am writing to you. Dear Lucy, do leave off working, and come here to live. The money you have sent me is enough to pay my master a whole year, and by that time, he says, I shall write and cipher as well as anybody. When I think of what you are doing for me, I try so hard to improve that my heart beats like a drum, and then mother

stops me. Oh, it is so beautiful here, Lucy; you can see so much sky, clear from mountain to mountain. Sometimes the girls draw me along the river bank, and we stop under the willows and talk of you and Charlie. Give my best love to Charlie, and tell him I dreamed"—then followed two effaced lines—"mother has blotted over this, because she says you would not like to tell him; so good-by, dear Lucy."

So happy was Lucy, that she would scarcely have remembered the miserable affair at Mrs. Hartell's, if Charles had not called daily to ask if she had heard nothing more from that "infamous wretch," the gentlest name he vouchsafed Adèle; and each day she repeated her entreaties that he would be more patient, and wait till sufficient time had elapsed for Mr. Hartell's return; "if justice is not done you then, Lucy, don't preach patience to me any longer," said Charles; "patience may be very Christian in you, but in my opinion it's very poltronish in me, besides being impossible." "Well, wait, Charles, till to-morrow," Lucy replied to his last outbreak; "Mrs. Hyde says it is possible Mr. Hartell may be here to-morrow." The next morning, at dawn, Mrs. Hyde's door-bell was rung violently, and a message came to Lucy, entreating her to go immediately to Mr. Hartell's, for Eugene was dying; when she entered Mrs. Hartell's nursery, she found Eugene in his father's arms in a deathlike stupor. Mr. Hartell, half distracted, was walking up and down the room. The physician, who had done all his art could do, was anxiously watching the child's rigid features. Mrs. Hartell was wrapped in her shawl, shivering and sighing,

and Adèle wringing her hands, crying violently, and exclaiming at every breath, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Dieu me pardonne! pauvre enfant! Ah, mon Dieu, que j'étois morte. *God forgive me, poor child! would that I were dead!*" Lucy gazed around her in grief and amazement. No one seemed to see her, till Ophelia, looking up from the apron in which she had buried her face, ran to her, sobbing, "Oh, Lucy! I and papa sent for you; he came home about an hour ago, and came right into the nursery to see Eugene, for ever since he got your letter—he got a letter from you, Lucy—he thought he never should see him again; and don't you think he found him going into a fit, and Adèle asleep, and the vial of laudanum standing there on the table! Only think! he has thrown up once, and the doctor says, if he can only be roused again, but, oh dear! oh dear! see how he lies in papa's arms." Lucy threw aside her cloak and bonnet, and went up to Mr. Hartell. "Pray, sir," she said, "let me speak to him."

"God bless you, Lucy, is it you? Oh, my boy, Lucy! he's going!"

"Eugene! darling Eugene!" cried Lucy, kissing his lips; "Eugene, don't you know me?" The voice penetrated to the little fellow's spirit. He opened his eyes; a faint ray of joy shot through his heart and eyes; he made a feeble effort to extend his hands. Lucy caught him in her arms, and throwing up the window, and setting wide open the door, she tossed him up and down in the draught of fresh air, repeating his name in her natural tone of playful tenderness. Every voice but hers was hushed till Ophelia exclaimed, "Father, he



smiles ! he certainly does smile !" The violent motion, the fresh air, and the moral excitement of the voice of that friend, whom the little fellow loved better than anything else on earth, roused the energies of nature. The desired physical effect followed ; there was a free ejection from the stomach, and in half an hour the physician pronounced him safe. "That's right !" said Mr. Hartell to Eugene, who, resting his drooping head on Lucy's bosom, kept one arm fast round her neck ; "that's right ! cling to her, she has saved your life ; God for ever bless her. How dared you," he added, turning to his wife, who had been as immoveable and as impotent as a statue, "how dared you neglect the warning she gave you ? You had every reason to confide in her, and none in that she-devil !" Mrs. Hartell began, in her own justification, and finished, in spite of her husband's repeated exclamations, the story of the theft.

"A damnable contrivance !" cried Hartell, "a diabolical lie ! I am sure of it. Here !" he continued, dragging Adèle forth from the corner into which she had slunk, "stand before this innocent girl, and, as ye hope for any mercy from me, tell the whole truth."

"Oh monsieur ! oh madame !" said Adèle, falling on her knees, "je suis coupable, mais si malheureuse. *I am guilty, but so wretched !*"

"None of your French jabber ; speak *English*, so that Lucy can understand every word you say. God bless him ! he's putting his lips up to kiss you, Lucy."

Adèle rolled up her eyes, made a deprecating

gesture to madame, and proceeded, "I had unfortunately, by a little mistake—"

"None of your 'unfortunately's' and 'mistakes;' tell a plain story."

"Mon Dieu! I had worn madame's cape to one society, and torn it unfor—ah, mon Dieu!—waltzing—and—and—merci, monsieur! my head is in one such confusion."

"Tell the truth, that will unsnarl it."

Adèle, finding there was no use in attempting to weave any sort of self-defence or exculpation into her relation, proceeded to confess, that, partly to guard against the communication of Lucy's detection of the laudanum, and partly to conceal her abuse of the cape from her mistress, she had stolen Lucy's key while she slept, and deposited the cape in her trunk. "I was sure of it!" cried Ophelia, hardly able to restrain herself till Adèle had finished, "I told you so, mamma."

"And anybody might have told you so," said Hartell, too much exasperated at his wife's folly to keep any terms, even in the presence of his daughter; "anybody that had common sense might have known that this good girl was innocent, and that tawdry piece of French trumpery was fit for just such a piece of iniquity."

"That's always the way," said Mrs. Hartell, half crying and half indignant; "if there is anything the matter with the servants, the fault is always laid on my shoulders."

"And, in Heaven's name, on whose shoulders should it be laid if not on yours? When you took upon yourself to be the mistress of a family, you assumed responsibility; you virtually promised such

supervision of your servants as should be best for them, best for me, and best for your children."

"Bless your soul, Mr. Hartell, I never promised—I never thought of any such thing."

"I *believe* you," he replied, turning away with ineffable disgust, and with the desperate conviction that, save by a miracle, the blind could not be made to see. In the mean time, Adèle, perceiving blame laid elsewhere, felt her shoulders somewhat lightened, and she was thunderstruck when Mr. Hartell said to her, "Are you ready for Bride-well?"

"Oh, monsieur!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and almost rolling her eyes out of their sockets.

"Be silent; no punishment is severe enough for you. You have sent out this innocent girl disgraced and suffering, and all but murdered my child."

"Mr. Hartell," interposed Lucy, "I have not suffered, and I never felt disgraced—pray do not punish her on my account. She is dreadfully punished already; I do not believe she meant to give Eugene enough to hurt him."

"That is the true truth, if monsieur will let me tell it. Dieu te benit, ma chere fille, vous avez un si bon cœur. *God bless you, my dear! you have such a good heart.*" There are few hearts so indurated as not to be softened by such generosity as Lucy's, and Adèle for the first time felt something like real penitence, and wept tears of gratitude and honest grief. Mr. Hartell stooped to kiss his boy, and Lucy whispered, "Adèle has had such an awful lesson, that, maybe, if you would let her

off, it would do her more good than punishing her."

"I will do anything you ask, my child. Since Lucy asks it, Adèle, you may go away; I'll not molest you. Pack up, and be off immediately. But don't attempt to get another service-place; I'll send your bad name after you." This was something like the mercy to the dog, "I'll not kill thee, but I'll turn thee out and call thee mad." Such mercy as it was, Adèle was glad to profit by it; and, without waiting to express one of the *sentiments* she had professed for "madame," she prepared her luggage and was off. There can be no attachment between the employer and the employed where no virtue on either side has been brought into action.

Lucy was now beset by Mr. Hartell, who offered her enormous wages, and used every persuasive argument to induce her to remain and take the sole charge of his child. Eugene himself urged his cause almost irresistibly by the mute eloquence of his tender eye, and his arm fixed lovingly over her shoulder. But Lucy was inexorable. She felt too deeply the advantages of her position at Mrs. Hyde's to relinquish them even for such entreaties, and she could only be induced to promise that, with Mrs. Hyde's permission, she would remain till a good nurse could be procured. This matter being settled, she modestly asked Mr. Hartell's leave to send for her friend, Mrs. Lovett's son, that he might hear Adèle's explanation from his lips. Charles came on the instant, and listened to the explanation coolly and as a matter of course; but when Mr. Hartell came to the expres-

sion of his gratitude to Lucy, and his estimation of her virtues, Charles's cheek glowed and his eye moistened. Ophelia whispered to Lucy, "Do look at him, Lucy! *Why* don't you look at him! you are not half so glad as he is!"

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## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE CONCLUSION.

WE feel sure of pleasing all but our *very* young readers, who always want a *little more* even of a dull story, by abruptly concluding our book with a letter from Lucy to her mother, written four years subsequent to Adèle's expulsion from Mr. Hartell's.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"After deliberating and advising with Mrs. Hyde, who has been like the kindest of mothers to us, we have come to a decision which only waits for your approbation. The bakery is sold to Mr. Werner, a German, who, when a stranger and quite destitute, came to the Lovetts, as it seemed, accidentally. Werner was honest and industrious; he understood the business thoroughly, and introduced some improvements. For the last two years he has been a partner, and now he has bought out Charles. His two sisters and their old parents arrived a few weeks since, and a happier family I never saw. How strange that such a train of

consequences should come from Werner just coming in to breakfast with us one morning at Mr. Lovett's. This is what Mrs. Hyde says we should call *providential*. Our Father in heaven provides the opportunity for doing good, and his faithful children improve it. But to our own affairs: it is not five years since Mr. Lovett went to Ohio, and there are already four thousand inhabitants in the village. The people, he says, are very anxious to have the bakery going; the bakehouse is built on the lot Mr. Lovett set off to Charles for his services when he was apprentice to him. Our house is nearly done, and large enough for us all. The ladies in the village will have plenty of work for the girls' millinery and dressmaking establishment, and dear Jemmie will keep Charles's books, and all of us will be in a way to earn an honourable living; all but you, dear mother; the remainder of your life must be *rest*. You shall be our *queen-bee*, and we will be your workers. Mrs. Hyde wishes you to consent to the wedding being here; she says it will save time (as we must return here on our way to Pittsburgh) and save the expense of a journey to Massachusetts. Charles likes this plan, and I want you to know our family before I leave it. Mrs. Hyde says she will provide lodgings for you all at a boarding-house near to us. Is not this most kind? Oh, mother, you will like her so much! She has such beautiful manners, not only in the drawing-room and to ladies, but to all, down to the man that sweeps off the flagging, and the poor that beg at her door. She truly seems to see the image of God in every human creature; it makes people civil to speak to her; her manners inspire

them with self-respect. She never lowers herself, but raises them. If some people looked as differently as they act to those above and those below them, they would sometimes appear like the "loathly ladie" in the ballad.

"How very kind of you, dear mother, to offer fifty dollars from your little pittance towards furnishing our house ; but, indeed, I have no occasion for it. You remember my declining Mr. Hartell's gift at the time of that horrid affair of Adèle's ; you and I both felt, and so did Charles, as if there was something discouraging and degrading to servants in *paying* their heart-service as well as their body-service. But Mr. Hartell could not take this view of it, so he gave Mr. Hyde one hundred dollars in trust for me, to be paid on my coming of age or at my marriage. I wonder he should have thought that could take place before I was twenty-one ; but I believe he suspected, even then, that Charles and I had thoughts of one another. Well, out of the one hundred Mr. Hyde has made two, which, with my savings, is quite enough to furnish our house with comforts. Perhaps you will be surprised to know that I have saved anything more than I have sent to Jemmie. You first, dear mother, taught me to be content with a little, and that the *best quality in dress is its adaptation to the wearer*. When I came to live with Mrs. Hyde, she gave me an account-book, in which I set down every penny I earned and spent. She purchases her cotton and flannel at wholesale, and gives it to us at the same price ; and if she or the family make us presents, it is not of their old clothes, which would not be serviceable for us, but some good

article a little better than we should buy, a fur cape, an umbrella, or parasol. In all respects Mrs. Hyde has been a mother to me. She has qualified me to take charge of a family of my own, so that, with the blessing of God, I hope to perform my part well, and to contribute to Charles's prosperity as well as his happiness. Oh, mother, what a happy world this would be if there were plenty such as you and Mrs. Hyde—if the rich and the poor, in their respective stations, *felt* and *acted* right. How foolish and wicked are those who try to set one against the other; when, by being friends, and acting in agreement, so much good could be done, so much happiness gained. It seems to me as if it were necessary there should be rich and poor, to make all those seeds of virtue which God has planted in our hearts spring up and grow. If Mrs. Hyde was not rich, how could she manifest such humility and self-denial, such wise generosity and such wise economy? and, dear mother, had you not been poor, *very* poor, could you have given us an example of such gentleness, long-suffering, patience, and self-reliance? Some think the rich can only be generous in giving; what a mistake! Mrs. Hyde does not give the half that Mrs. Ardley does in presents or in charity, but she gives her time, she imparts her knowledge, she infuses her spirit, and oh! none but those who live with her know how faithfully she tries to lay the foundation of religion. To do all this, she must, it is true, have other riches than the poor riches of money. I have done; if I were to write for ever, I could not tell what a blessing I esteem it to serve in the humblest place in such a family as this.



"Charles sends much love. Mother, are not words very poor to express our strongest feelings? I seem always to be struck dumb when my heart is fullest, and now, when the time has come when I may suitably tell you how dearly I love Charles, how truly I have loved him ever since the cold morning he left us the loaf of bread, it seems as if the words I use every day, and in relation to other persons, were not strong enough to express a feeling so much stronger than any other.

"Don't read this to Jemmie—the love I feel for him is not any less because I love Charles more—but he might think it so. You won't think so, mother, for every woman knows that there is one love that masters all others—God has ordained it, and how can we help it?

"Here is Charles looking over my shoulder, and singing 'Haste to the wedding.' Answer our request by coming next Tuesday, dear mother, with Jemmie and the girls, and believe me

"Your affectionate child,

"LUCY LEE.

"P. S. I forgot to mention that Mr. Hartell is married again. I felt sorry when I heard the children were going to have a stepmother—it seemed too much after having such a poor mother—but Mrs. Hyde knows the new lady, and she says it is one of the rare cases where the second mother will be a great deal better than the first. Dear little Eugene is as fond of me as ever. His father has never failed to send him to see me once a month, and yesterday he gave me, with his own dear little hand, a dozen silver teaspoons. How very thoughtful of Mr. Hartell! and the little fellow

seemed to take as much delight in it as if it were his own thought. Mother, how can people complain so much of ingratitude? Every kindness I have ever done has been returned fourfold. Even poor Adèle came not long since to thank me, as she said, for my *mercy* to her—poor thing, she looks as if she were in great misery.”

THE END.

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